BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1947

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GARNETT RADCLIFFE
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1/6

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 34, No. 1 JANUARY, 1947

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1. and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 76. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Woman
—the paradox

When a woman says yes, she probably means no . . . and vice versa. When she says nothing at all she says most. And is dangerous. When she converses volubly she then says least. And is safe. No man can understand her language, comprehend her values or discern her motives. She is, and ever will be, a paradox. She does, however, for her own inscrutable reasons, find manifest pleasure in self-beautification. And this, incidentally, seems to explain her preference for Personality Turtle Oil Soap as an assured means of serving her unsubtle feminine purpose.

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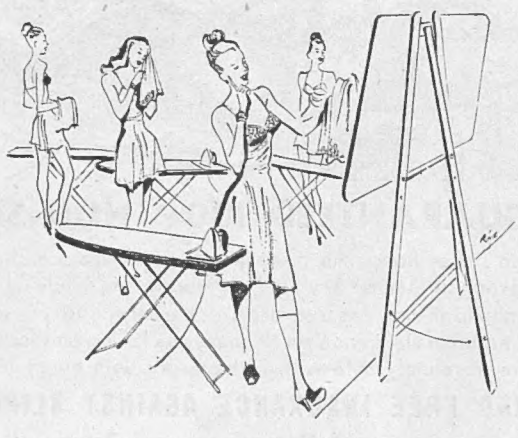

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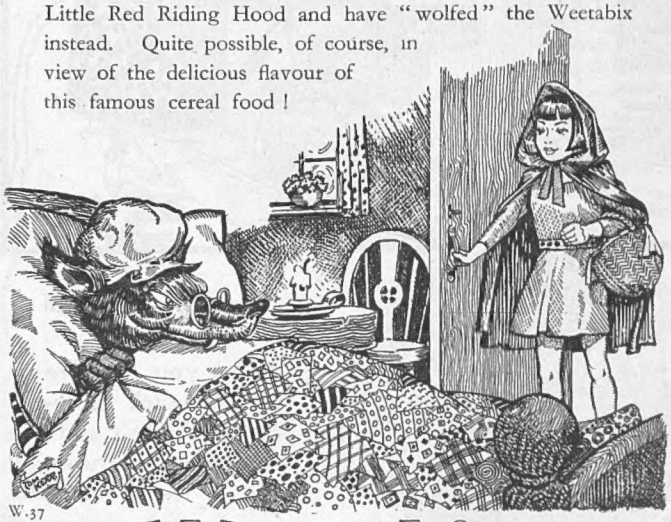

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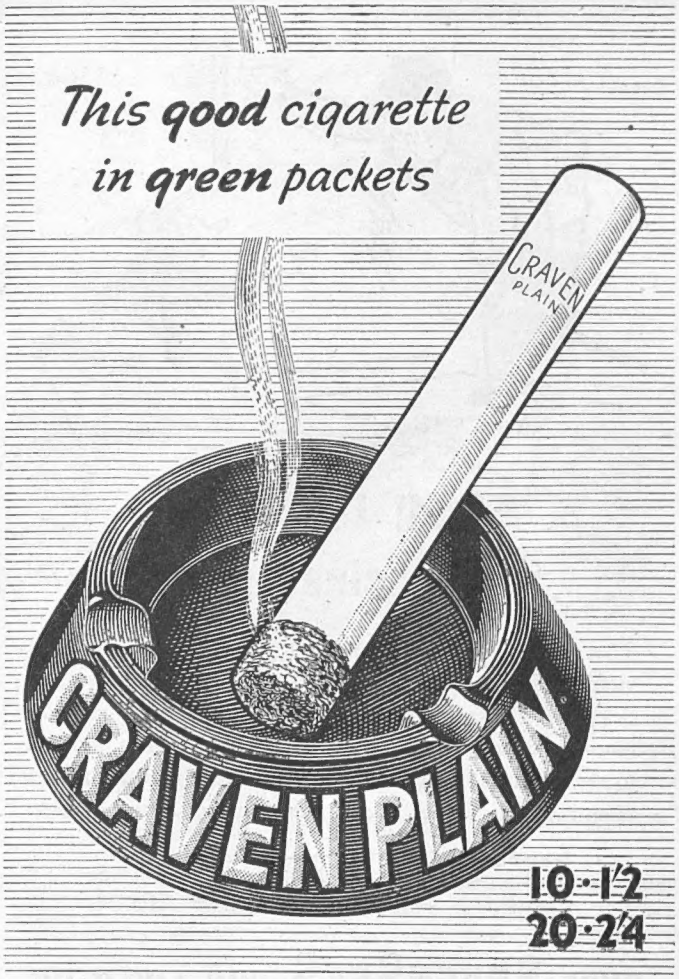
To preserve your shoes. Polish them with **SOLITAIRE** Shoe Polish de Luxe

This good cigarette in green packets



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the loveliness that lasts a lifetime

Bond Street. London

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*"Yes, **MIN** is wonderful for polishing—and you can **MIN** it in half a **MIN**ute"*

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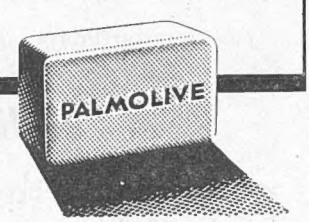
FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED FURNITURE

Use sparingly—still in short supply.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

M/HC

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with PALMOLIVE



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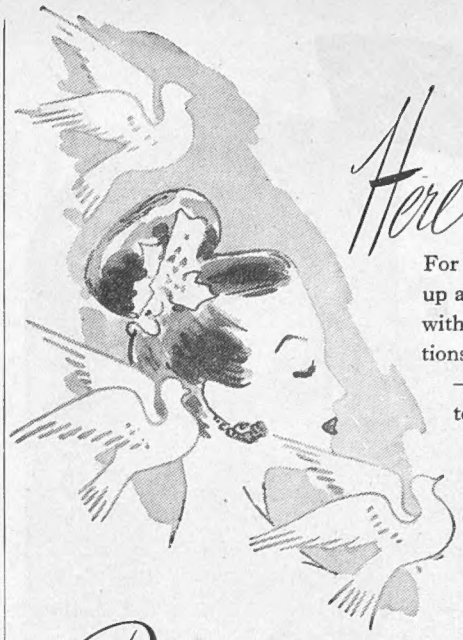

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For you . . . immaculate make-up and a smooth flawless skin—with Pomeroy Beauty Preparations. New Pomeroy lipsticks—from the most delicate pinks to deep reds. Powder blended in the newest shades. Pomeroy creams and skin foods are as they've always been...soothing, nourishing, abundantly rich in the precious oils that give lasting skin beauty.

Pomeroy

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DATHOS (for extra dry skins) . DAY CREAM . SAFADA
HAND LOTION . MAKE-UP BASE *Prices from 18/6 to 4/-*

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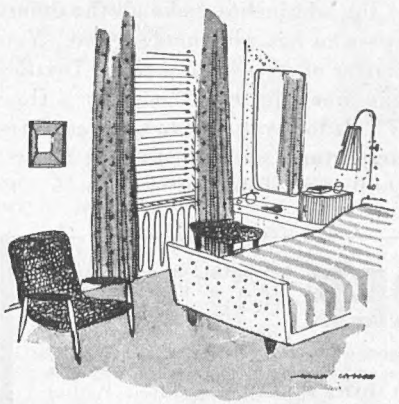
HEAD OFFICE: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND :: ADVISORY DEPT.: 46 Davies St., London, W.1



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PN12

I've got no time for

ASTHMA

Many busy women suffering from ASTHMA find *instant relief* and comfort through POTTER'S ASTHMA REMEDY. Simply wonderful for Bronchitis, Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, etc. 2/2.

POTTER'S *Asthma Remedy*

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Glamour for Today ....and Tomorrow

WITH

PAN-CAKE

BRAND

MAKE-UP

JUST a few seconds with "Pan-Cake" make-up will add new glamour to your natural loveliness now—today. And for the many tomorrows ahead, see how this glamorous make-up will safeguard your skin against drying, aging signs that otherwise might be in store for you. Originated for the film stars, "Pan-Cake" is now the favoured fashion of millions. Try "Pan-Cake." A new beauty adventure awaits you.

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Columbia Star
in The Jolson Story

'MAX FACTOR' Cosmetics of the Stars are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser & Store

Max Factor★
HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

DELTA Fashion Reveille

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But supplies are still scarce. Please choose from stocks available

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How long are your sheets?

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Perhaps you've forgotten—or perhaps you never appreciated! It is surprising how many people still buy Household Textiles without knowing the exact size they really want. And yet the odd inches make all the difference, as anyone knows who has ever made a bed. You will find the whole matter of sizes in Household Textiles fully explained in the free illustrated booklet "How Wide Is A Bedcover?" It tells you how to take measurements, and *why* it is important; and it deals with Sheets, Bedspreads, Down Quilts and Towels as well.

FREE A revised and enlarged illustrated booklet on Household Textile sizes. A bigger and better edition packed with useful domestic and furnishing hints written by a woman who "really knows." Send a postcard for your copy to Dept. 4B, **VANTONA HOUSEHOLD ADVICE BUREAU,** Vantona House, Portland Street, Manchester.

The Elizabethan Playhouse.

Young Mr. Southam took one look at Caryl and stifled a groan

Women Were Deceivers Ever

A Short Story

By

Day Russell

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

CARYL sat down in front of her mirror and looked at her face. It was a most attractive face, with regular features that were soft rather than classical, lips that were promising, and honey-brown eyes that were generous and naïve. The naïvety was a little deceiving, but it deceived no one but men. Her hair was a few shades darker than blonde, and the more attractive for it. The only thing that displeased Caryl about her own face was a spray of faint freckles that crossed the cheeks and nose just under her eyes, but it was a flaw only from a woman's point of view because the freckles seemed to have the same effect on the males of the species as the naïvety of the eyes.

It was a good face, thought Caryl, and she had no complaint about it except that it had a come-hither effect that was disconcerting to a girl who had been born, so she felt, entirely for the purpose of falling in love with one man and one man only. She felt she had been given what beauty she had entirely for the purpose of holding that one man while he loved and cherished her for the rest of her life. She had left her last job in a large office simply because she had made the mistake of making herself look as beautiful as possible; and had found herself in the position of dodging the advances and parrying the witticisms of the unmarried males and of defending herself from the jealousy of some of the female members of the staff. So she had left.

To-morrow she was going to work in an advertising agency, a small one, and she was going to avoid the mistakes she had made in her other job.

She sat before her mirror and experimented with her face. Modern make-up is an art which can make the imperfect face more attractive than the perfect one. That being so, thought Caryl, why couldn't it be used in a reverse sense, to tone beauty down to plainness.

When she emerged to exhibit the result, her mother exclaimed: "Good heavens, Caryl, what have you done to yourself?"

NEXT morning when she presented herself at her new job, her hair was combed severely back from her forehead and ears to an uncompromising bun above the nape of her neck. She used the wrong lipstick in the wrong way and her natural peach-and-cream complexion had a tinge of jaundice from which the accentuated freckles shouted their contrast. She wore a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles with plain-glass lenses, but with frames of one of the new shapes quite wrong for her type of face.

She felt the success of her efforts immediately when the only other girl in the Southam Agency gave her one dismissing glance and introduced her to her new desk as secretary to the junior member of the firm. There were apparently only four in the company: Mr. Southam, Senior, Mr. Southam, Junior, Miss Heatherby and Caryl. Miss Heatherby was a superb example of the triumph of art over nature. Nature had not blessed her appearance, but had given her good taste and good sense, and she was a credit to Delecto Cosmetics, which was the principal account of the agency.

Old Mr. Southam was nice enough but, beyond saying "How d'ye do?" took no further notice of Caryl. Young Mr. Southam, so Miss Heatherby explained, was at the office of the Delecto Company and would be back some time that morning.

An hour later he exploded into the office, an exuberant ex-captain in the flamboyance of a sports jacket, coloured shirt and flaring tie, which, as Miss Weatherby had warned Caryl, was a reaction from khaki. Otherwise, she said, he was not a bad type, but somewhat naïve.

Young Mr. Southam took one look at Caryl and stifled a groan. She had taken the trouble to alter one of her dresses to a very unflattering shape.

Later, Caryl, having been sent out—somewhat suspiciously she thought—on a trivial message, paused outside the door as she heard young Mr. Southam's voice.

"Didn't I tell you not to take a girl sight unseen?"

"She's a very nice girl," said Miss Weatherby. "Quiet and simple. Just what we need."

"Nonsense," cried young Mr. Southam. "What I need is a secretary who inspires

me, lovely to look at, quick on the uptake. We 're a growing company, we have a great future ahead of us. I want an office staff which will impress our clients that we have good taste and discrimination."

" You 'll have to get a new suit, then," said Miss Weatherby calmly.

Caryl smiled. Weatherby was a good sort.

" What do you suppose old Harrow of Delecto will think if he comes in here, an agency specialising in cosmetics, and sees a dowdy schoolgirl with no more sense of make-up than a . . . a . . ."

" Don't say it," said Miss Weatherby. " Say it to her face."

Caryl decided it was time to go. When she returned, she fixed young Mr. Southam with wide naïve eyes behind her spectacles.

" Your cigarettes, Sir."

" Thank you. Go and get me another packet."

" Not now," said Miss Weatherby. " Don't forget you have to get those letters to the magazines, arrange the appointments with the artists and get down to see the photographers about the new series of photographs."

Young Mr. Southam stared at Caryl unimpressed. Suddenly he jumped off Miss Weatherby's desk where he was sitting.

" Eureka ! " he cried.

" What is that ? " asked Miss Weatherby coldly

" Greek for ' I've got it,' " cried young Mr. Southam. He pointed at Caryl. " Look at her. We 'll get her photographed, just as she is ; then we 'll get the Delecto expert to work on her, and we 'll use her in every magazine in the country. . . . BEFORE and AFTER."

Caryl flushed under her jaundice powder. This was an unforeseen development. Mr. Colin Southam, Junior, walked around Caryl, looked her up and down.

" Leave it just as it is," he said. " Don't do a thing, don't wash, don't touch your hair. You 're a gift from heaven. Miss Weatherby, 'phone Fashion Photos and get an appointment immediately."

He disappeared into his father's office and Miss Weatherby winked at Caryl. " Don't mind him. He 's always like that. You just have to be firm, that 's all. When you get used to him, his insults cease to hurt. You should have heard what he said about you just after you went out."

" I did," said Caryl grimly. " He practically shouted it."

Miss Weatherby's eyebrows lifted. " Sorry," she said. " But it 's his way. What he feels he says, right out, let the brickbats fall where they may. You 'll get used to it."

Then Mr. Colin bounced out of his father's office, blew over to Caryl's desk, grabbed her hand.

" Come on," he said. " This is too good to waste."

Caryl felt herself impelled to the door and cast an appealing glance to Miss Weatherby.

" Don't worry," said that lady, mistaking Caryl's look of appeal. " He 's safe."

" I 'll be at Fashion Photos if I 'm wanted. Telephone them I 'm coming. They have to take me immediately."

In the taxi he relaxed for the first time and looked at Caryl. " Don't mind me," he said. " No harm meant. You just happen to be a gift from heaven."

Caryl restrained a smile and stared ahead. Later she stole a glance at him. Somewhere under thirty, she estimated, too full of energy to sit still ; she liked his dark hair, too unruly to lie down, and his dark eyes absorbed in ideas. Not quite grown-up yet, she thought, and as Weatherby said, a trifle naïve. She could hardly resist a smile at that last thought. Others had said exactly the same about her.

Then he was studying her face again. " You know," he began patronisingly. " You 're not bad. A little naïve, that 's all. You just don't know your way around. Personally, I like freckles, but we 'll have to do something about those later. Your features aren't too bad, but you need some colour, and that lipstick you use is all wrong and that dress ! You need to study your figure. . . . I

When she emerged, led by Mrs. Delaney, Colin Southam was waiting. He said one word, "Wow!" And then he said, "Can't you hurry with that other girl, we're short of time." "This," said Mrs. Delaney triumphantly, "is that other girl"

suppose you have one under that thing."

"I don't know what my mother would say . . ." Caryl fought back a smile.

"Blow your mother," said Colin Southam. "Just wait till we've finished with you. You'll surprise both her and yourself. Dowdy, that's the word for you. You need to be wakened up to your own possibilities. Maybe there are thousands of girls like you. Think what a service you'll be doing to womankind! Thousands will bless you and Delecto."

"Can't I just be natural?"

"Listen to me," said Colin laying his hand on her arm. "You may be the most beautiful girl in all creation, but you don't know it, just because Delecto cosmetics haven't told you what you can do to bring out your innate charms."

"Do you always talk like this?" asked Caryl.

"What do you mean?" He was somewhat taken aback.

"Well, it sounds like a record on a gramophone. Don't you have nice ordinary human things to talk about?"

Colin Southam took his hand away, and was silent for a few moments. Then he turned to her sadly: "Give me three guesses; you knit socks, you listen to classical music and you read only good, really good, books."

"Wrong," said Caryl. "I knit sweaters when I knit; I collect hot records; and the last book I read was. . . ."

"Don't tell me. Now I know that everything is possible. The old man is right. Maybe I do have a lot to learn about life."

"I agree with him," said Caryl. "I always think that when a girl marries she should marry someone who has a lot to learn. It makes her life interesting, don't you think?"

She felt Colin Southam shrink back into his corner and she found she was enjoying herself immensely. She enjoyed the stares of the studio staff as they saw the rambunctious Colin Southam walk in, not with one of his usual glamorous blondes or brunettes, but with a frump. When he explained his purpose, they co-operated and made lights and angles that would show her off to worst advantage.

"Oh, please," said Caryl, with her tongue in her cheek. "Can't I leave my spectacles off, and can't I ask one of the girls here to make me up a little?"

Colin's hands restrained her. "No, no, no! Just as you are . . . you're wonderful . . . wonderful . . . for what we want."

Caryl hoped she wasn't overplaying her hand.

Colin Southam wandered around the studio while the photographer worked, whistling to himself, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Caryl watched him, and the

more she saw of him the more she liked him. He was boyish in his enthusiasms and chased after one idea so hard that he was blind to other things . . . including, she thought, herself.

Then the photographer had finished; he had shot her in half-a-dozen unfavourable lights and slack poses; he promised Colin cheerfully that the photographs would be very good and that she would look awful. Colin grabbed her hand and rushed her out to another taxi.

"Sorry to rush you," he said. "But I've got to get this through to-day. I spent a whole day at Delecto yesterday trying to find a new angle to submit to the directors to-morrow, and this is an inspiration from heaven."

"You're not being very complimentary to me," said Caryl as primly as she could.

"Wait and see," said Colin. "I'm doing you the greatest favour anybody ever did for you. I'm making you realise yourself. When I've finished with you, your whole personality will bloom like the rose. A girl doesn't need to be intelligent or beautiful, she only needs Delecto. . . ." He stopped, stunned by another inspiration. "Just a moment while I put that down on paper. This will slay them. You're wonderful. Every time I look at you I get an inspiration. And to think I actually asked Weatherby to get me a platinum blonde. Why, she might have been brought up on some other company's cosmetics."

"Aren't they all the same?" asked Caryl innocently.

"I wouldn't know," said Colin. "The really important person in all these things is the advertising agent . . . the brains behind the promotion."

"Quite," said Caryl.

Then they were at the Delecto offices, being shown into the experimental salon, and Colin sailed over to a haughty female. "Mrs. Delaney, I've got the inspiration of the year. Look at this! Did you ever see such a prime example of the misuse of feminine possibilities! We've taken her picture as she is and now we want you to give her the works, hair, face and figure . . . throw away the spectacles . . . burn the dress . . . take off those clumping shoes . . . buy her nylons . . . fit her out from the skin outwards . . . charge it to advertising and I'll be back in an hour to take her to the photographers."

The impressive Mrs. Delaney, who knew Colin, smiled. "Colin, somebody should harness you to a dynamo. You waste enough energy to light a city. Come on, my dear."

"I'll be back," cried Colin to Caryl. "And if Mrs. Delaney does what I think she can do, I'll take you out to lunch after the photographers."

Caryl sighed with relief as she went with Mrs. Delaney. Mr. Colin Southam was certainly overwhelming, and he was due for a surprise.

Mrs. Delaney looked at Caryl and then removed her spectacles; she took a tissue and wiped the jaundice powder from Caryl's face and then the lipstick. She frowned with a slight puzzlement as she saw the real Caryl emerge partly from the camouflage. "He wasn't fooling me by any chance, was he? Slip off that ghastly dress."

She walked around Caryl. "Why, you've got a lovely figure!"

Then Caryl told her that Colin had not seen her before this morning, and that after her experiences in her last job she had decided to play herself down a little.

"A little!" snorted Mrs. Delaney. Then she smiled. "All right, we'll show him something. Size fourteen!"

She called two girls, and then Caryl, for the next hour or so, was a puppet in the hands of Delecto beauty experts.

When she emerged, led by Mrs. Delaney, Colin Southam was waiting. He said one word, "Wow!" And then he said, "Can't you hurry with that other girl, we're short of time."

"This," said Mrs. Delaney triumphantly, "is that other girl."

"Wow!" said young Mr. Southam for the second time. Then he seemed to deflate like a pricked balloon. His exuberant self-confidence blew away and he was a slightly embarrassed and puzzled young man.

"Shall we go?" he asked politely, and this time he opened the door for Caryl to precede him. He did not see the wink that passed between Mrs. Delaney and Caryl.

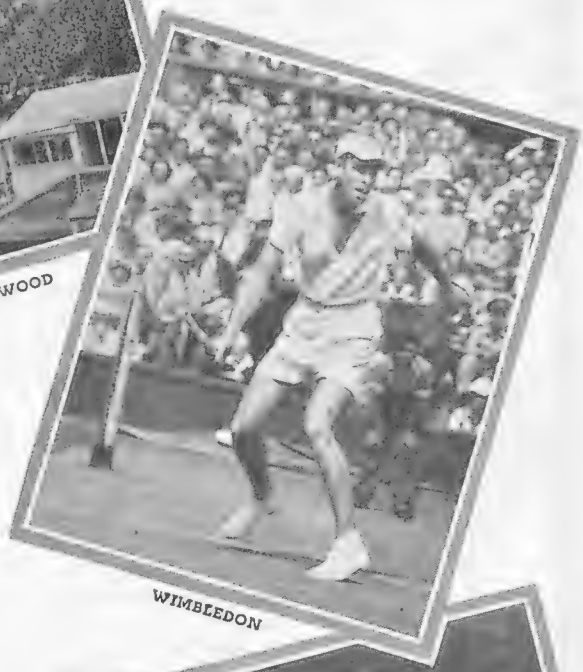
"You see?" he said lamely as they sat back in the taxi. "I told you so, didn't I?"

"I think you are very clever," said Caryl, and caught his quick, suspicious look.

(*Continued on p. 56*)

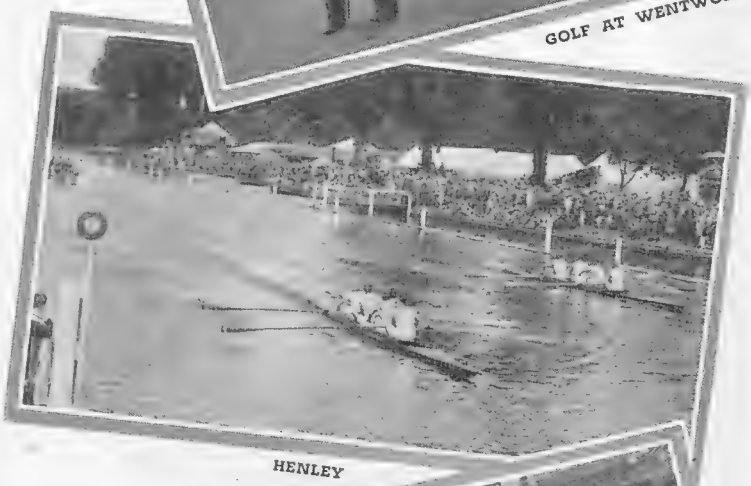
Colin Southam turned to her: "You're the simple type, you need a man to look after you." Caryl kept her eyes on her notebook. "You shouldn't work at all. You . . . I knew there was something wrong all the time . . . or I wouldn't have felt like this"

GOODWOOD

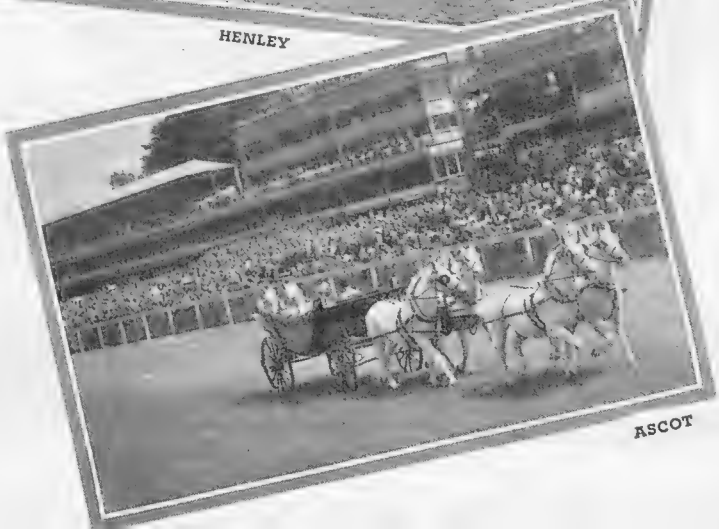


WIMBLEDON

GOLF AT WENTWORTH



HENLEY



ASCOT

In The Margin Of Recovery

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"YOU know," said my friend, "a lot of little things have crept back into life that we don't take much notice of. But they are all bits of recovery. Now look at those old jossers mending their nets out there on the beach. To a Brightonian who knew this beach, year after year, inaccessible, mined, bewhiskered, one blinking bunker, those old Caspars are as positive a piece of recovery as any export!"

We were picking our way across the be-pebbled fishmarket below the Queen's Hotel, and it was true, what he said. As true as when, later that glorious November morning, we curved and foamed in a speed-boat between the piers, at four shillings a head, across water that for six long years had been forbidden, ominous.

I suppose we have been submerged by all the woe and statistics levelled daily at us, to a point of not being duly appreciative of signs in our midst of "picking up again," which do not get into the debates and White Papers, yet are recognizable facets in the national convalescence. And surprisingly quickly some of these things have come back, considering the state in which that man left Europe in the middle of 1945. Slight things, some of them; silly things, others; yet all signifying a form of recuperation. Revived customs and traditions, old occasions reborn. . . .

WHY did that Chilean fellow want to swim the Channel? Why come all that way to try to do a thing that has been done time and again? Yet who shall say it wasn't pleasant to hear again from Dover a message like "Jorge Berroeta was at one time only half a mile from the English coast"?

And does not this suggest the heart of England regaining a steadier beat: "Goodwood at its best can be among the happiest memories of the English scene. To-day the first Goodwood race meeting since the end of the war has enjoyed much of the grandeur of earlier occasions, and has been a pleasant indication of returning peace." All these things that I cite are something of that and it would be a good thing, psychologically, if we made more fuss of them in 1947, and of other reinstatements and novelties to come. There may lurk a suggestion of Coué-ism in this, but one can do with it as a counter to some of the carefully nurtured woe-talk now fashionable.

"At Henley Regatta, where Princess Elizabeth presented prizes, it was almost a pre-war scene, with hats the fashion keynote and blazers of all colours." And with a crew from France, a country which was reputed to have "gone in our time," carrying off the most coveted cup. *There* was quick transition for you—barely one year after the Maquis had closed down!

I make no apology for continuing with sport, which probably *is* the best national steadier after a shock—and that goes even if one gets shocks from the sport, as Britain did at tennis and golf, and on the turf. Not that we didn't have an excuse this time, for we had; and I can cite French, American, Irish and South African contestants in support. *Rations.*

You should have encountered the wife of the victor of Wimbledon, worried off her feet because she couldn't come by a *bifsteack*—no, twice a *bifsteack*, morning and evening—for her giant of a Petra! Madame was appalled by London's White Market and failed to comprehend how the poor malnourished Britannics could stand up to three sets. Bobbie Locke spoke in like vein on his return to Jo'burg; so did Miss Betz before she sailed away; and so did the owner of Souverain and the trainers of other conquering French steeds.

DOES Mr. Strachey grasp the value of prestige in international sport? If not, he should have it impressed upon him before it becomes too late for our champion bipeds and quadrupeds to build up strength for the 1947

(*Continued on page* 62)

If Atomic

Decorations by Jack Matthew

THE lofty concrete control room was sunk 200 feet down in the chalk escarpment. A hundred men sat at their electronic instruments and radar dials, but except for the soft whirr of mechanism and click of cable-telewriter tape, the room was quiet.

On his high balcony overlooking the room the Chief of the Imperial General Staff sat at his great table. He watched with the relaxed alertness of long habit the lines of greenish light flickering across the wall screen opposite, glanced at the message tape flowing across the table under his eye. His right hand rested easily alongside a square ebony block with a metal lid inset. The lid was open, disclosing a large red button marked "Fire."

In the new sort of war that had arrived—although few grasped it at the time the atomic age was born in a blinding flash of exploding uranium over Hiroshima at 8.15 a.m. on August 6, 1945—the military hierarchy had been reversed. Pulling the trigger had become a responsibility so vast, its consequences so terrible, its repercussions so world-wide, that it had become the Number One instead of the private soldier's job. When that "Fire" button was depressed, hundreds of great radio-guided ionosphere rockets, with atomic warheads, would soar more than sixty miles into the sky from their dug-in sites between Land's End and John o' Groats. Simultaneously the news would flash, by code light and confirming sounds and signals, into scores of subterranean control rooms around the earth. Government chiefs and war-machine commanders would instantly know that the British radar screens, ranging 5,000 miles in all directions, had detected flights of rockets approaching the island, and that accordingly the British had opened retaliatory fire on pre-selected targets on the enemy's territory.

A door opened in the wall below and a bulky figure came through. The newcomer crossed the floor with the slow, stiff steps of age and climbed slowly to the balcony. He lowered himself into the big easy chair on the other side of the C.I.G.S. and stretched out until his massive shoulders levelled with the chair arms.

"The War Cabinet has dispersed," he stated. "My colleagues are now en route for their overseas' posts. We may be overwhelmed here, but the defence of the British Empire will continue, and, by God's grace, before we are through we shall overwhelm the enemy."

"I have been wondering for some time," remarked the C.I.G.S., "whether those fellows will decide to risk it."

"They reckon on space," said the Prime Minister, "but so do we: eight million square miles against thirteen million square miles. We can plaster them from this base, before it succumbs; from our Middle Eastern sites and the North-West Indian frontier; from Australia and Canada, unless those rockets fall short. The sea fleet should get in close enough to use its rockets. Our rocket-firing submarines should do damage. Our dispersed air fleets will be driving in from the word "Go." All that they know. But the ultimate argument may be one of population. Unfortunately seventy per cent of our race is crowded on this concentrated island target. We are the Pantelleria of World War III. The enemy's birth-rate has long been rising; ours, falling. In the last resort they may be able to face a population loss which would finish us. This may count with them."

The C.I.G.S's hand hung over the red button.

"When we first grasped the meaning of atomic rockets we used to say that the next war would be won by the nation which pressed its button first."

The big head rocked a negative.

"Too glib. A Pearl Harbour gives an aggressor an advantage: it can't be counted on to win a war. We are lucky to have been spared complete surprise. We've had our years of preparatory time. We've put central government and operational war headquarters together in the same quarters and sunk them deep enough for safety. We have our regional control centres organized the same way and linked by radar and buried cable to central headquarters. We have dispersed the vital war industries overseas, as the Joint Chiefs of Staff recommended when they advised us, back in 1946, that the island was indefensible against the new weapons. We have operating the most elaborate espionage and electronic warning systems. We have enough

rockets and atomic warheads in stock to keep the batteries firing uninterruptedly for a week, provided the enemy doesn't manage to land a force with some kind of equipment to destroy our sites. We are self-contained in our control quarters for three months; although I recall that a similar condition in their buried Maginot Line didn't help the French much. There are only two things we have not been able to do."

He paused. The C.I.G.S. could have finished for him, but did not.

"The population and the cities are wide open," resumed the Premier. "What will be left of them when the firing stops?

War Arrives

A blue-print of the set-up if we all have to face up to the reality of a failure of the three Great Powers left over from World War II to agree on fundamentals

By C. Patrick Thompson

Of the cities one can be pretty certain—nothing but rubble heaps. A relatively small core of uranium exploded over Hiroshima flattened the city and destroyed 100,000 people, half by blast and burns, the rest by crushing and other injuries incidental to bombardment. The Japanese scientists reckoned that protection against the bomb's radiation would require concrete shelters at least four feet thick. Such shelters of course would be disintegrated by a near explosion. That was the first bomb, a primitive affair. We must double and treble on Hiroshima data and estimates to get a proper focus on the effects of atomic explosions now.

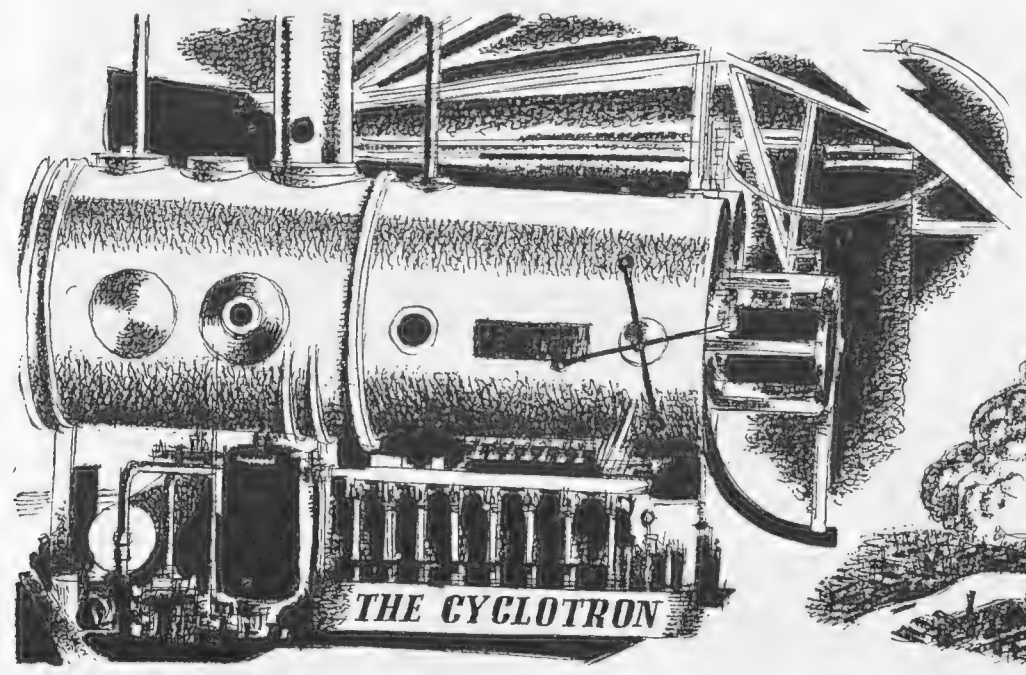
"One cannot build shelters six and eight feet thick for forty million people. One cannot sink whole cities and their population a hundred feet underground. Our scientific advisers produced some interesting proposals, among them the scrapping of our urban organization and the re-planning of our towns on the ribbon principle to minimize atomic explosion blast and radiation, and the ruthless shifting of half London to north Scotland, and most of Sheffield to the Scillies. They forgot that even in our socialist State we could not shunt people about and behave like our friends, the Russians. So, as it is——" his shoulders rose slightly.

We can leave them in their concrete cavern—and ourselves up on the surface—waiting for the crack of doom. The picture is imaginative only in the sense that it translates into scene and dialogue a blueprint of the set-up if we all have to face up to the reality of a failure of the three Great Powers left over from the Second World War to agree on fundamentals—if we have to prepare for a new eventual war as realistically we ought to have prepared for each of the two German wars: 1914 and 1939 found us short of what was necessary to meet the German onslaught. But we gained time, and caught up, and then passed the enemy.

However, that was before the rocket and atomic fission. This is after. There is a difference. All war up to those two things was one sort of war. Weapons changed, speeds rose, but strategy remained essentially unchanged, and at the war colleges the "brains" still studied the principles and methods of the ancient captains. A moat was still a moat, even when it assumed the proportions of the English Channel. A wall was still a wall, though it sank underground, and sprouted weapons and mechanisms beyond the dreams of the old wall builders. It remained a wall even when it became mobile and soared into the sky to block the path of bomb-loaded airplanes with shell barrages.

But there's no way of blocking, diverting or destroying en route a flight of long-range rockets, soaring from forty to seventy miles high, and attaining a maximum speed of 3,000 miles an hour in the last stage of their descent on the target. They out-run the radar-and-siren warning system, and make the shelter defence obsolete.

War is now something utterly new, beyond previous human experience, and even dreams. Generals, admirals and air marshals seem to have lost their bearings more decisively (*Continued on page* 76)



On left: America's luxury liner arrives in New York harbour. The 26,454-ton liner S.S. *America* made her maiden passenger voyage across the Atlantic last November. Formerly the troopship *Westpoint*, it is the largest and fastest liner ever built in the United States of America. Since war service, has been luxuriously refitted at a cost of nearly £2,000,000

Below: A view of a first-class cabin on the upper deck of the S.S. *America*

Is The Big Ship Doomed?

Britain Is In Far More Urgent Need Of Unspectacular Little Ships Than She Is In Need Of Floating Palaces

By Warren Armstrong

A BRIGHT and airy place was the sail-loft, with banks of clean, sweet-smelling canvas, and a vast cauldron of oil, red ochre and catachew simmering over a never-dying fire. The low, long window overlooked the line of docks framing the broad sweep of the curving river . . . a water-way long famous for its connection with the North Atlantic.

Three assistants were goring roll-canvas, piecing it, roping the edges, sewing with their heavy, three-sided needles, hammering in the stitches with mallets, "cringling" the job before putting it to soak in the simmering mixture, to tan yet another new sail and prevent mildew. And as the men worked, we talked together, the old sail-maker and the writer: "Yesterday," he said, "there were hundreds of us 'making suits' for old customers. To-day, mebbe, there are a score left. . . .

"To-morrow? To-morrow . . . there'll be none. It's the . . . what's the word I want, mister? . . . the *economic changes of the times*, y'see! Believe me, it's a good deal easier to bring a sailing-ship safely around the Horn than it is to keep her clear of the 'breaker's yard. And that . . ." he blinked and blustered bravely along to the end, ". . . and that explains the passing of the Tall Windships!" It was a pathetic confession; it disposed of an epic era in the vivid history of the North Atlantic Ferry.

An era which came to an end, in fact, almost one hundred years ago, when, in Washington, Senator Bayard trumpeted a noisy challenge: "To enter this contest with England for supremacy of ocean steam navigation, requires talent, energy and faith of the highest order known to our countrymen, for to fail will involve a loss not only of the vast sums necessary to make the effort, but, what is of far more value to every lover of his country's reputation, it will ensure national disappointment, more deeply felt from the fact that 'England has already been vanquished by our sailing-ships.'"

An era had ended. And a new battle was on! Now, steam would take the place of the press of the wind on sail-expanse; and it was evident that the manner—and the acceptance—of this challenge would turn the North Atlantic into a haywire maritime race-track. This coming conflict—in which real sailormen of the Windship Era were to be joined . . . to their supreme disgust, be it noted! . . . by those "plaguey shore engineers" who were "bringing their contraptions afloat"—was to be fought out to the bitter end by Cunard, Inman, National, Guion, Anchor, Allan, White Star, Collins, Hamburg-Amerika, Norddeutscher-Lloyd, Societe Anonyme Belge-Americaine and Compagnie Generale Trans-atlantique. It was to be a merciless affair. No quarter asked. None given.

SO, between 1850 and 1875 the contestants squared up; lines of ships underwent radical change; passenger amenities were considerably improved; vast sums of government and public money (*Continued on page* 69)

The S.S. *Queen Mary*, soon to return this spring on passenger service after a refit, photographed just off New York after crossing the Atlantic in 4 days 7 hours and 12 minutes, at an average speed of 30.01 knots

On left: The S.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, the largest ship in the world, starting on her maiden passenger voyage from Southampton to New York on October 16 last

Pistols For Two

Who Killed Captain Hilary Acre?

By Ralph Arnold

"MRS. ARTHUR PUREPOY to see you, sir."

Colonel Stevins, the Chief Constable of the County, looked up. It was Sunday morning, and on Sunday mornings he was accustomed to write his letters.

"Shall I show her in here, sir?" the maid asked. "She asked particularly if she could see you in your room."

Colonel Stevins nodded and then began to rub the bridge of his nose with the back of his hand, a trick he had when he was worried.

It was his business to know what was going on, and he had heard some disquieting rumours about recent happenings at Ridley Hall, the fine house which, with its valuable estate, belonged to the widowed Mrs. Purepoy.

He rose to greet a white-haired old lady, very small and frail-looking but as upright as a ramrod.

"Do let me take your heavy bag," he said, "and sit you down in this fairly comfortable chair."

Mrs. Purepoy shook her head.

"I prefer a hard chair with a straight back," she announced, "and for the moment I will keep my bag. I wish to waste no time in explaining why I have paid a call upon you this morning. Half an hour ago I shot my son-in-law, Hilary Acre."

The Chief Constable looked at the clock on his desk.

It was twelve-fifteen.

"I should begin by explaining," Mrs. Purepoy went on, "that I had planned. . . ."

Colonel Stevins interrupted her.

"Mrs. Purepoy," he said, "if you want to make a statement, if you think that at this juncture it is wise to make a statement, I shall take notes of what you say and I should explain that these notes may be used as evidence."

Mrs. Purepoy nodded.

"I understand perfectly," she said. "As I was trying to tell you, I had planned to go to London this morning on the twelve-ten train. My car was ordered for five minutes to twelve. At twenty minutes to twelve I left the house in order to have a final talk with my son-in-law whom I knew I should find sprawling on the stone bench in the water-garden. My daughter, Olivia, was in church. The water-garden at Ridley, as I think you know, is out of sight of the house. On a Sunday morning the gardens are deserted. It was my purpose to obtain a certain undertaking from my son-in-law. Perhaps you can guess its nature?"

"Something," Colonel Stevins suggested, "to do with his son—with your grandson?"

"Exactly," Mrs. Purepoy said. "Harry, my grandson and heir, is now twenty-one. You know him, don't you? A charming and very promising boy. Recently he spent a week of his leave in London in the course of which it pleased his father to introduce the boy to some of his own deplorable friends. Harry, as my daughter and I were subsequently informed, drank far more than was good for him in their company, gambled each evening and lost a considerable sum of money. Olivia and I talked the matter over. For the sake of the man Hilary had once been—the Hilary whom we had both loved very deeply—we had tolerated his drinking and his extravagance so long as there was no danger of Harry becoming contaminated by his father. It was clear to us both that such a danger now existed."

"So you intended to extract a promise that he should leave the boy alone?" the Chief Constable asked.

"I WISH to waste no time in explaining why I have paid a call upon you this morning," Mrs. Purepoy said. "Half an hour ago I shot my son-in-law"

"More than that," Mrs. Purepoy said. "He was to leave Ridley and was to disappear, fully and completely, from all our lives. I intended to give him a generous allowance."

"Poor devil," Colonel Stevins murmured under his breath. "In his own way he was devoted to all of you and to the place. That would have broken his heart."

"Possibly," Mrs. Purepoy retorted. "He should have been an authority on breaking hearts. To reinforce my arguments—and I will readily admit that I was desperate—I took with me Hilary's pistol. He used it last night to scare birds in the cherry orchard and with a characteristic carelessness he had left it lying on the hall table. In the event," Mrs. Purepoy concluded, "Hilary refused to give me the undertaking I required, I lost my temper, pulled the pistol out of my bag and shot him through the head. Then I returned to the house, was driven to the station, told my chauffeur not to wait for the train, took a taxi and drove straight to this house."

"I think," Colonel Stevins said, "that you had better hand the pistol over to me. Is it loaded?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Purepoy said. "That is to say, yes, I suppose it is loaded."

It was a service pistol of standard pattern which Mrs Purepoy extracted from her bag, so heavy that she could scarcely lift it; and from her inexpert handling of the weapon it was clear that she hardly knew which end was which.

The Chief Constable breathed a sigh of relief when the pistol lay on his desk.

"I had a special reason," Mrs. Purepoy went on, "for giving myself up immediately. My daughter Olivia. . . ."

She paused.

"Yes?" said the Colonel.

"Olivia is an impulsive woman. This breach of good behaviour on her husband's part has upset her very much. It cost her a great deal to reach the decision that, for Harry's sake, Hilary must leave Ridley. She is, I think, very sincerely devoted to myself. I suspect . . . I think it possible . . . that she may make an attempt to shoulder the responsibility for what happened this morning. I want you clearly to understand, Colonel Stevins, that I was wholly and solely responsible for Hilary Acre's death. I am a very old woman and I have no fears whatever of its consequences."

"I understand," the Chief Constable said.

The telephone on his desk rang.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I will take the call in the other room."

When he returned, Mrs. Purepoy questioned him sharply.

"That was my daughter?" she asked.

Colonel Stevins nodded.

"She merely told me that something terrible had happened at Ridley and I promised to go over as soon as possible. I did not mention your visit. I have rung up Chief Inspector Wrek and the Police Surgeon. I want you to have luncheon with my wife and to stay here until I return. So now, if I might read you over the notes which I have taken, and if you would sign them . . . ?"

CHIEF INSPECTOR WREK and the Police Surgeon were waiting for the Chief Constable half-way down the long drive which led from the park gates to Ridley Hall.

Colonel Stevins described his interview with Mrs. Purepoy, and the Chief Inspector shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I'd say it's out of the question that the old lady did it, sir," he said. "She hasn't the physical strength for one thing, nor yet the knowledge about firearms. And I know Mrs. Purepoy. I was born and brought up in Ridley St. John. Shooting a man like that just isn't in her character. Now Mrs. Acre, her daughter, is quite another kettle of fish. Part ice, part fire, she is, and clever into the bargain. Suppose she shot her husband and suppose her mother is shielding her?"

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"It might be," the Chief Constable said. "Incidentally, the pistol that Mrs. Purepoy handed over to me was loaded. One round had been fired. What are your views about Captain Acre, Chief Inspector?"

"A good man, sir, gone to the devil through drink and bad company. A case of not enough guts to cut adrift and make a new start. But you served with him in the 1914 war, didn't you, sir? You'll know more about him than I do."

Colonel Stevins nodded.

"He had plenty of guts, then," he said. "He was badly wounded, you know. That's what started him off drinking and all the rest followed. Mind you, I don't know Mrs. Acre well, but I've sometimes wondered whether she was the best kind of wife for a nervy chap like Hilary. I've no brief for the kind of dance he's led them lately, and I've every sympathy for their concern about that boy, but I've a hunch that somewhere deep down Acre was still a decent chap."

Mrs. Acre received them in the library.

"If you would just tell us exactly what

ACROSS the front page was a message, scrawled in green ink. The Colonel glanced quickly through it. Then he handed the paper to Mrs. Acre

happened," the Chief Constable said, "Chief Inspector Wrek will take notes and I must warn you that what you say may be used later in evidence."

Olivia Acre nodded.

"There is very little to tell you," she began. "I went to church this morning, to the eleven o'clock service. My mother usually comes with me, but she was leaving for London by the twelve-ten train. My son is on leave and is staying with some friends in Scotland. Always, on fine Sunday mornings, my husband takes the paper down to the water-garden. At eleven-fifteen, as I have since discovered, the butler took him out a whisky and soda and Miles will tell you that when he left Hilary there was nothing amiss. After church I took the path that leads straight from the churchyard to that part of the garden. I found my husband lying on the stone bench with a terrible wound in his head. He was dead and there was a pistol lying on the ground under his outstretched arm. I disturbed nothing. After that I returned to the house and telephoned to you. It was quite clear to me that Hilary had committed suicide. He had been greatly upset. There had been a family dispute. Lately he had been drinking very heavily. I . . . I was not altogether surprised that he had taken this way out."

"We had better go to the water-garden," Colonel Stevins said. "I expect, Mrs. Acre, that you would prefer not to come?"

Olivia Acre nodded gratefully.

From the south front of the house a lawn stretched out, bounded on one side by the churchyard fence. At the far end of the lawn a flight of steps led down to the water-garden.

Facing a little ornamental canal, in a space cut out for it in the thickness of a great rhododendron bush, was an ornamental stone bench flanked by two stone vases on pedestals.

On the grass in front of the bench was an iron table on which stood an empty tumbler, a whisky decanter and a soda-water syphon.

Half on and half off the bench lay the body of Hilary Acre. He was not a pretty sight, for the left side of his head had been half shot away.

His right arm dangled over the edge of the seat and under the limp fingers, on the grass, was a service pistol.

The Chief Inspector picked it up carefully, (*Continued on page* 59)

TRADE GUILDS of the MIDDLE AGES

Forerunners of the Trade Unions?

by Wilma Buckley

THE "ganging up" of a particular group, for protection against other groups, would seem to be an inherent and normal instinct; probably a legacy from primitive times, when the lone wolf's life was, inevitably, a short one.

Even in the realm of British commerce (when anything likely to interfere with the freedom of trade was looked upon with disfavour until well into the twelfth century), mutually protective guilds were early formed, among merchants, craftsmen, and apprentices, with a snowball momentum that gathered force as the years went by.

Whence were these guilds derived? Possibly they were inspired by the ancient Roman *sodalitates*, or by Scandinavian "foster-brotherhood"; at any rate, all these associations embraced the same elements of corporative union and mutual help, in an age when there was no State protection for the individual. Although entirely separate from the religious guilds, these trade groups were encouraged by the immensely powerful medieval Church because of their original "brotherhood of man" theme; a theme that slowly but surely became lost in a more practical and commercial spirit.

It was after the Norman Conquest and the subsequent expansion of trade, that manifestations of this particular kind of getting-together made their appearance in England. There were fraternities at Exeter, Cambridge and Abbotsbury as early as the eleventh century; their members gave assistance to each other in such awkward situations as the settling of blood-feuds, and when property was destroyed by fire.

By the twelfth century, the merchant guilds proper were established, as a protection from commercial competition from strangers; guildsmen were in the happy position of being able to trade freely in their own towns and boroughs, while outsiders found themselves uncomfortably restricted.

AS was only natural (seeing that it "worked"), artisans and craftsmen began, in their turn, to form guilds of their own. While their laudable aim was the maintenance of a high standard of workmanship, the self-protective element was certainly not ignored: hours of labour were regulated, regular contributions levied for a common assistance fund. In the larger towns, where craftsmen and artisans abounded, these particular guilds increased in importance until, by the fourteenth century, they proved to be more powerful than those of the merchants themselves.

It was in this century (the fourteenth) that yet another kind of craft fraternity was founded—by the journeymen, who combined against the master craftsmen to protect themselves over questions of labour and wages. *Plus ça change . . .*

It is usually among the adolescent that group movements find most favour and fervour (are not mass disturbances, the world over, automatically attributed to "students"?). Thus we find apprentice guilds mentioned in Acts of Parliament at the end of the twelfth century. By 1562, it was the law of the land that nobody should practise any trade without first serving a seven years' term of apprenticeship, a law designed to protect both the skilled worker and the genuine apprentice himself.

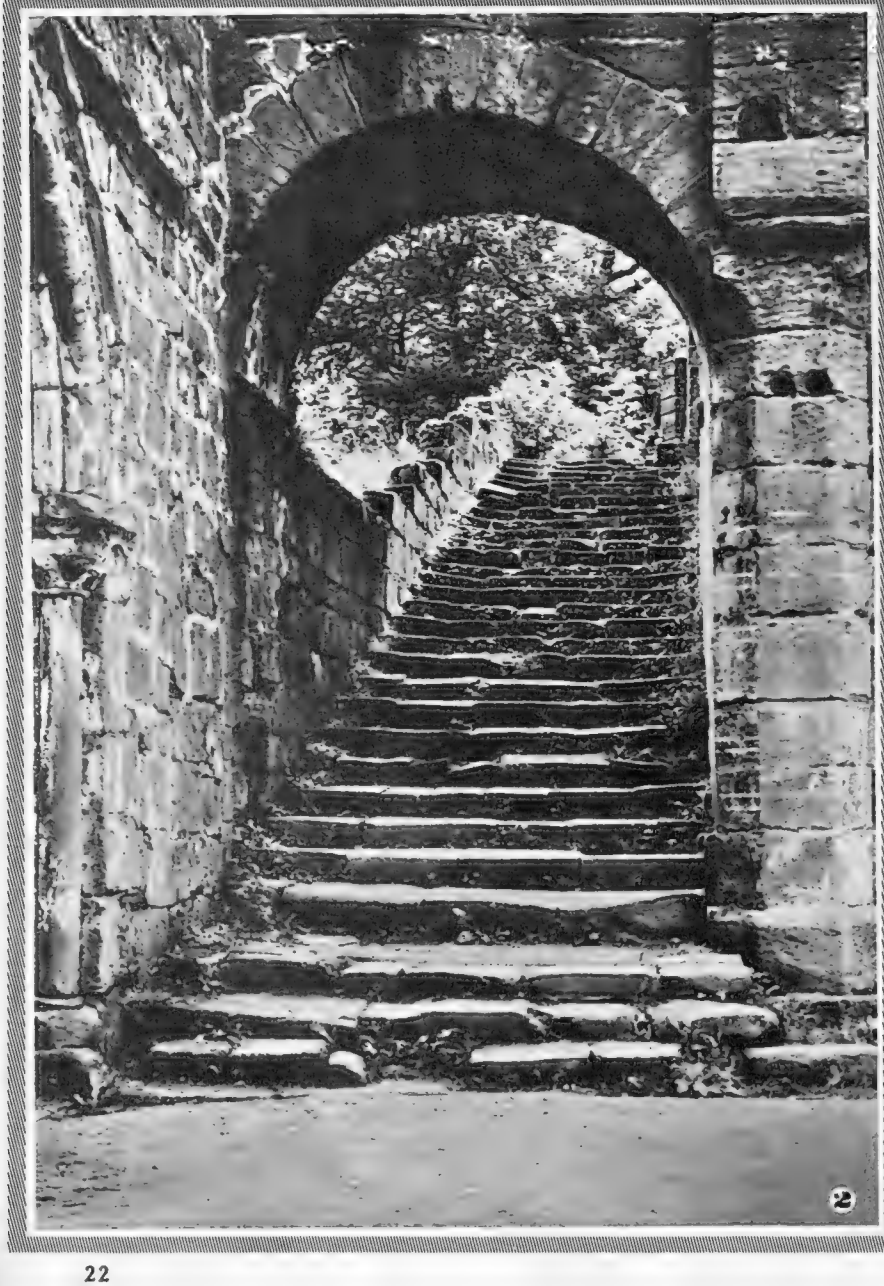
The apprentices of London, so numerous and so highly organized, formed a tumultuous body for ever "in the news." 'Prentice riots were an all-too-frequent occurrence in the City, when the most trifling provocation (a fancied affront from a foreigner, for instance) would be seized upon as an excuse for a general uproar. The cry "'Prentices—Clubs!" would call out every apprentice from every kind of shop, ready to join in the fun of a free-for-all, in spite of the frantic endeavours of the watch to break up the party. The apprentices, in fact, enjoyed the kind of licence afforded to present-day undergraduates on Boat Race Night, but, high-spirited flings aside, there is no doubt that their guilds were immensely powerful and self-protective.

All guilds remained ostensibly subordinate to local government (a law unto themselves, in actual practice) until the autocracy of Tudor times, when attempts were made to bring them under national authority—the authority of the crown. And by the eighteenth century, the "age of reason," medieval co-operative ideals had given way to a new conception of individual freedom and open competition. The privileges of the old fraternities were finally abolished in 1835.

What seems to us to be an age-old division between employer and employee, dates only from the fourteenth century, when the journeymen set up their own guild, in defence (*Continued on page 70*)

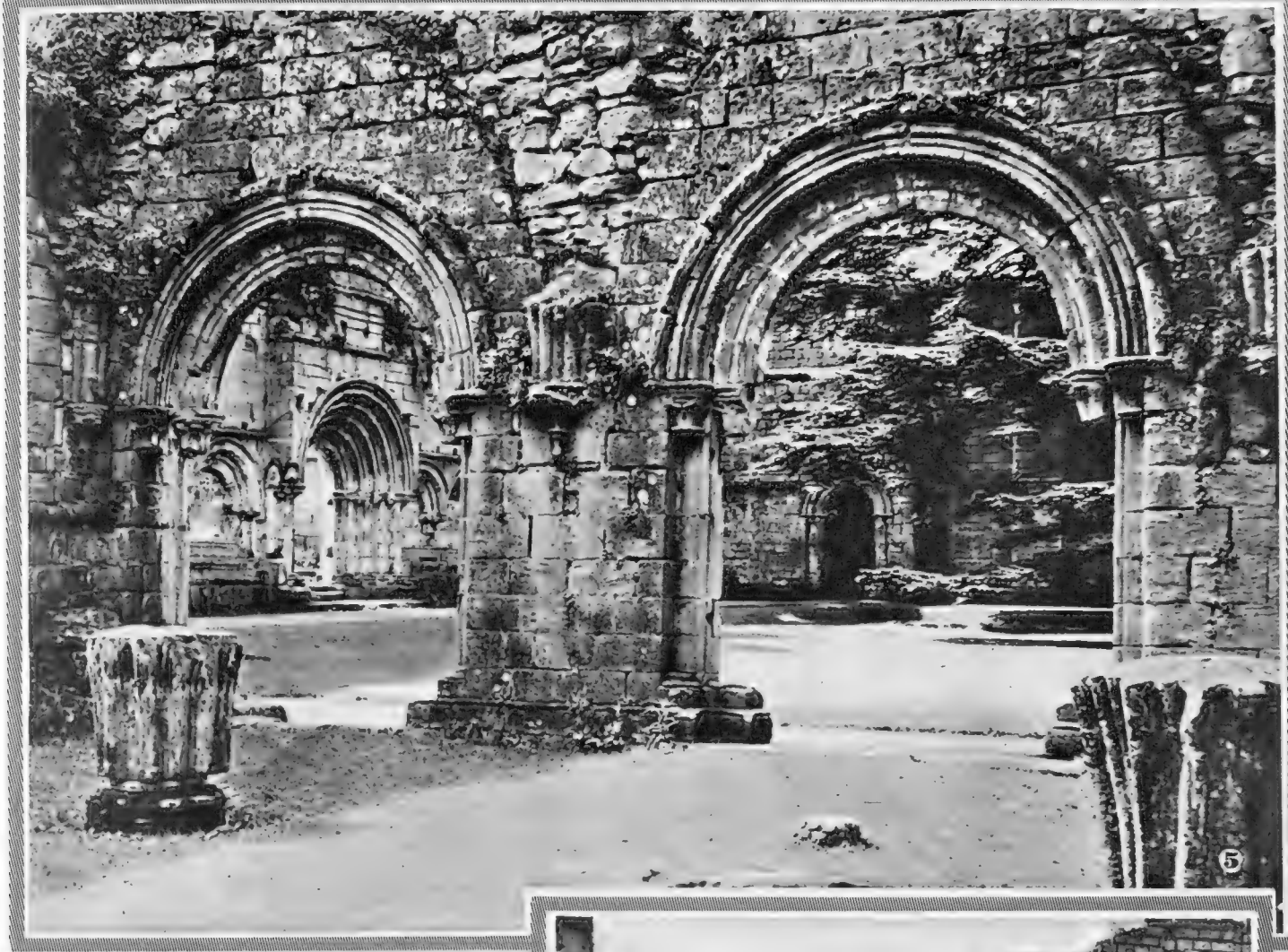
FOUNTAINS ABBEY. North Aisle of Nave

This famous and historic Yorkshire ruin is being sold by Commander Clare Vyner to a group of leading Roman Catholics who intend to restore the Abbey, equipping it as a home for Benedictine Monks, and regarding it as an international memorial to all Roman Catholics who fell in the two World Wars. The Monastery was founded by some monks who seceded from St. Mary's Abbey, York, in 1132. (See story on page 22.)



EARLY in the year 1945, in a thrice-repeated dream, Simon Elwes the portrait painter, caught a glimpse of Fountains Abbey as it must have been in monastic times. "Only once in my life have I seen Fountains Abbey," he said recently. "But now there came to me these recurring dreams. I dreamed I was standing in a Tudor gatehouse and looking towards the Abbey Choir, where the monks were praying and singing. . . ."

Those dreams, it is now disclosed, gave birth to the much-discussed scheme for restoring this lovely Cistercian abbey regarding it as an International War Memorial to all Roman Catholics who fell in the two World Wars, and using it again "for the glory of God." Could those dreams have filled in the picture of the past, what a vivid tale would



FOUNTAINS ABBEY

The Romance Of The Greatest Cistercian House In England. It Is Intended To Restore This Famous Ruin As An International War Memorial

Written and Photographed

By G. BERNARD WOOD

have been unfolded! For the story of Fountains Abbey is, from the very outset, sheer romance.

Yet it begins with a riot—a riot caused by the Abbot and monks of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary's at York. Rumours of lax conduct within the monastery prompted Thurstan, Archbishop of York, in his rôle of Visitor, to ride up one October day in A.D. 1132, and inquire into the nature of the offences which had been reported to him by twelve dissatisfied monks of St. Mary's, including the Prior. He was met with fierce opposition. "The whole Chapter House," wrote Thurstan later, "rang with such tumult and confusion that it seemed more like the seditious uproar of drunken revellers than the humility of monks, of which there was no sign. Many of them rushed up and came upon us with outstretched arms, as if to wrestle with us, and all cried out that they would be roused to fury if I entered. Then I said : (*Continued on page* 54)

1. Fountains Abbey. A view from the north-east showing Abbot Marmaduke Huby's tower which soars above the roofless church.
2. The steps from the Cloisters to the lay brothers' dormitory.
3. Carved stone panel of a monk writing at a desk with a dog at his feet.
4. The stone-vaulted Cellarium still intact after eight centuries, where the conversi or lay brothers ate and stored their tools.
5. Looking across the Cloister from inside the Chapter House.
6. A view of the Nave looking west from the Presbytery.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY. Ruins of the Choir or Presbytery

The plan to restore this famous Benedictine Monastery is one that has captured the public imagination, but it has led to considerable public criticism, some people urging that the ancient Abbey, which is scheduled under the Ancient Monuments Act, is a most improper subject for experiment of this kind. To these criticisms the Duke of Norfolk has replied, declaring that if the work is attempted it will be with the best possible advice and direction.

Birds Of Paradise

By Frank W. Lane

THERE are no more beautiful birds in the world than the birds of paradise. It is not surprising that they were so named. Their gorgeous colouring and fantastic adornments, especially when, during the mating season, the males go through the ritual of showing off their charms to entrance the females, have captured the imagination of every naturalist who has studied these beautiful creatures.

The home of the birds of paradise is the great forest-clad island of New Guinea. Here, in jungles and on precipitous mountains, the birds must be sought, and only the toughest type of explorer is likely to learn much about how the birds live in their natural state.

Altogether there are believed to be some hundred species of the birds, but of these only a third have so far been kept in aviaries or in zoological collections. Yet once they have been caught, the birds appear to thrive in captivity. One collector said that one bird that was captured ate part of a small banana while being held in one of its captor's hands. It then drank some water and when it was later placed in a box, it behaved as if it had been reared there.

WITH the exception of the various phenomena connected with the mating season, little is known of the private lives of the birds of paradise in the wild state. Their food appears to consist largely of fruits but they also eat insects. Their voices are not renowned for their beauty but some of the notes are so powerful that they can be heard nearly a mile away.

If authentic information on how the birds live is still awaited, there is no lack of mythological lore concerning them. Nearly all the first specimens of the birds which were brought to Europe had the feet cut off and others had the wings missing. According to the unnatural history of the day, therefore, it was said that the birds could not fly but they could float in the air supported by the trailing plumes which, in some species, stand out from the head. As the birds had no feet it was believed that they never descended to the earth until they died.

It is surprising that even the great Linnæus perpetuated one of these early errors. In naming the greater bird of paradise he gave it the specific name of *apoda* which means "footless." To this day the bird is known scientifically as "the footless one from paradise"!

The female birds of paradise are mostly inconspicuous brown and grey birds, but the males are coloured like the rainbow.

(On left) The Lesser Bird of Paradise as it appears normally. Notice the extremely long wire-like feathers. (Below) The same bird going through its display routine. Its body all aquiver and its feathers shimmering

Princess Stephanie's Bird of Paradise in its normal state. Note the immensely long tail feathers

Some of them also carry amazing ornaments which, during the frenzy of their courting displays, make them look like fantastic creations out of a surrealist dress designer's nightmare.

WHEN the British naturalist, Bowdler Sharpe, was first sent a picture and description of the King of Saxony's bird of paradise, he said it was impossible that such a bird could exist. His scepticism is understandable, for this bird has probably the most fantastic head adornment of any bird that ever lived.

It is about the size of a song thrush, and is coloured velvety-black above and yellow below. Poised in a socket on either side of its head is a long shaft-like plume which is twice the length of its body. On the lower side only of this plume is a series of tiny "flags" which look exactly like blue enamel. Each "flag" is separate from the others and has no resemblance at all to a feather.

During the breeding season male birds display before the females. In the streets of London, for example, amid the hurrying feet of passers-by, I have seen pigeons strutting and bowing with an air of ridiculous vanity before the ladies of their choice. But among no group of birds are such elaborate ceremonials carried out as with the birds of paradise. With some species, special display grounds are prepared and here the male bird, or birds, hold court.

One of the best descriptions of these displays has been given by the American naturalist, A. L. Rand, who witnessed it in the birds' natural habitat. The bird he watched is called the magnificent bird of paradise. (*Continued on page* 64)

Talking Of Elephants

Easy Money Is Sometimes Hard To Get

By Garnett Radcliffe

TALKING of elephants I, as a not unknown student of zoology, have frequently been asked if there is any truth in the well-known dictum "Elephants never forget." It's a query I have never been able to answer to my own satisfaction. Certainly the legend exists, everyone has heard and read anecdotes illustrative of the uncanny memory of elephants, but whether it is more firmly based on fact than, say, such popular fables as a swan being able to break a man's leg with its wing or a toad being able to live without air, I am afraid I cannot say. Even such authorities as mahouts and circus trainers differ in their views. Probably, since elephants are just as much individuals as men with just as wide divergence in their mental capacities, the correct answer is "Some do, and some don't."

Only once to my personal knowledge has the matter really been put to the test. That is the story I now propose to narrate. It was at least an interesting experiment, and the result was as conclusive as the results of such experiments when conducted by amateurs usually are.

The rather unlikely investigators were two middle-aged City men, a Mr. Levy and a Mr. Macintosh. And I'm afraid their interest in the memory of elephants was pecuniary rather than scientific since a wager of one hundred pounds was concerned.

The third principal in the affair was Bella. I needn't say much about Bella since, if you have ever visited the Regent's Park Zoo, you must certainly have seen her yourself. She is now fifty-odd years old which is a respectable age for an elephant in captivity, and has become a beloved landmark to Londoners.

I knew nothing about the proposed test of Bella's memory until Mr. Levy was introduced to me at a City dinner. Someone had told him I was something of a zoologist, and he wished to consult me about a wager he had recently made, a wager he himself seemed to regard as a sure-fire investment.

"It ith a vell-known proven fact that an elephant vill never forget an injury, ith it not?" he asked.

I answered very much in the words of my opening paragraph. What I said didn't seem to please Mr. Levy at all. Evidently I had shaken a cherished belief.

"But I have read it many times!" he protested. "It wath taught to me as a child. And now you tell me it is only a popular myth. Aie! Who can a man believe in this world?"

He didn't actually wail and beat his breast, but he looked as if he might. Feeling sorry to have caused such distress, I hedged a little.

"I don't call it exactly a myth," I said. "There have been dozens of well authenticated instances of elephants displaying uncanny powers of memory. For instance, there was the case of the cruel mahout in Rangoon——"

The case of the cruel mahout in Rangoon (which I shall not relate here, since it's a chestnut and not a particularly striking example of elephantine sagacity) seemed to comfort Mr. Levy a little. He mopped his forehead.

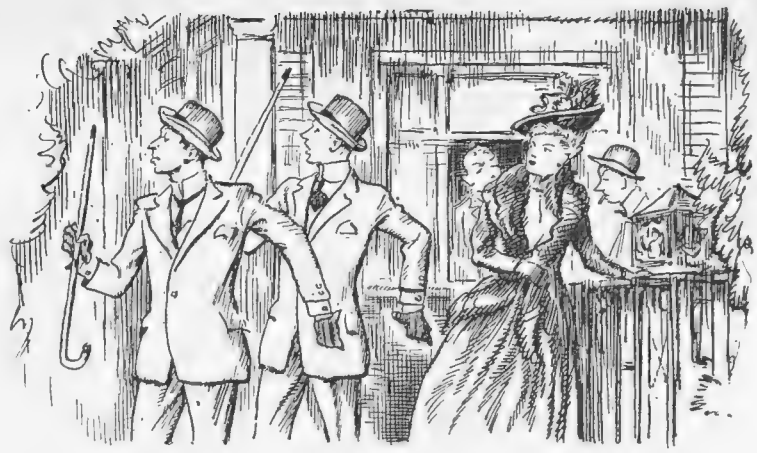
"Then there ith still some hope," he said. "Perhaps a fifty-fifty chance I may yet win. Lithen, I vill tell you a story and you vill give your opinion. Perhaps you can advise me if I should try to hedge——"

AND then he gave me the story. It began on a fine summer afternoon in '07 when two gallant young fellows with canes and knobbly, patent leather shoes swaggered into the Regent's Park Zoo. Messrs. Levy and Macintosh were out on the spree. They were not then what they have since become, rich and successful business men, but a couple of junior clerks at about thirty bob a week. But their spirits were high, and there was Burton's Special at threepence a glass to be purchased in the refreshment room.

Probably it was the Burton's Special that inspired the normally sober, industrious and hardworking Angus Macintosh to play a prank on a lady.

No, hardly a lady. In '07 Bella was only a "bobby-soxer" and full of pranks herself. She was a squirter of water and a snatcher off of hats. She lived behind

MR. MACINTOSH was already running, running as I daresay he hadn't run for forty years. Bella lumbered in pursuit



bars for she was not then the Grand Old Dowager she has since become.

Sportive as she was, however, she was not amused when she found that the bun Angus Macintosh had presented to her on the end of his cane, had been filled with mustard. Indeed, from what Mr. Levy told me, she was a very angry little elephant indeed, and it was lucky there were stout bars betwixt her and Angus.

"I remember even then I told Angus she would remember that bun to ze day of her death," he said.

So much for the '07 episode. The actual wager wasn't made till forty years later (a week or so before I met Mr. Levy) when he'd chanced to forgather with Mr. Macintosh at some reunion party. They'd fallen to gossiping of old times—the episode of Bella and the bun had come up—Mr. Macintosh had mentioned that Bella was still alive—and Mr. Levy had declared she would remember the incident more vividly than they did. Mr. Macintosh had called him a "puir credulous fule," and Mr. Levy, believing implicitly in the elephant legend, had bet him a hundred pounds, a bet Mr. Macintosh had immediately accepted.

"Possibly," I suggested at that point in the recital, "your friend, Mr. Macintosh has visited the zoo in the meantime and made his peace with Bella."

Mr. Levy shook his head.

"He assured me he hath not been to Regent's Park since that day and I believe him because he is ath honeth a man as I am myself. Besides, he would not vaste sixpence on what he had already seen. No, ze wager hath been made an' I stand to vin or lose von hundred poundth. I thought I vos on a cert. What ith your opinion, pleath?"

"Candidly," I said, "I think it's a cert that you will lose your money. You must remember that during these forty years Bella has been having buns given to her every day by thousands of different people. It's also quite likely that lots of other people besides your Mr. Macintosh have tried to be funny at her expense. All the same, I think it's quite an interesting experiment and I should greatly like to be present when the actual test is made. If it is successful I shall certainly record the episode in my forthcoming book on the perceptions of animals, as a proof of the amazing memory of an elephant."

Mr. Levy said at once that I might come; in fact he was good enough to say that I would be very welcome as an expert and impartial witness. In case Bella displayed a partial recognition I was to be the adjudicator as to who had actually won the bet.

Despite all I'd said he seemed to have regained his confidence, and even offered me a side-bet on Bella. I declined, not because I was afraid of losing my money, but because I felt an umpire should be entirely neutral.

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

BY my advice the test was fixed for ten o'clock on a Tuesday morning, that being about the quietest hour of the quietest day at the zoo. I wished Bella to have a chance of concentrating her full attention on Mr. Macintosh, not to meet him as a unit in a bun-proffering queue. Besides, I pointed out, if by some miracle, Her Ladyship did display rage, it would be better if there were no visitors.

Mr. Levy saw my point at once. Mr. Macintosh, who was as confident as I would have been myself, said any day and any hour would dae for sich daft fuilishness. And he advised Mr. Levy to give him a cheque at once to save wasting guid saxpences at the turnstiles.

"It ith not ze money zat matters," said Mr. Levy. "Thith ith a scientific experiment. Besides, our frient ith a Fellow of the Z.S. and can take uth in free."

I then brought up another point. That was that Mr. Macintosh should wear clothes as similar as possible to those he had been wearing on that fateful afternoon in '07, and should approach the elephant alone offering the bun on a cane as he had done then, in order to give Bella as much assistance as possible in her almost impossible task. Mr. Levy supported me hotly. Displaying an almost elephantine memory himself he recalled such details as that Mr. Macintosh had been whistling "The Bluebells of

Scotland" and smoking a cheroot on the last occasion of his meeting Bella.

Mr. Macintosh said *he* remembered no such thing. What he remembered, he said, was lending Mr. Levy fourpence to get buns. He said he could prove it by showing us his "wee buik" but as Mr. Levy was making him a present of a hundred pounds he'd forget it this once.

In the end I had to give my ruling. I said that in the interests of science Mr. Macintosh should smoke a cheroot and whistle "The Bluebells of Scotland," pointing out that an elephant depends more on its senses of hearing and smelling than it does on its eyesight which is poor. His style of dressing would be determined by contemporary photographs of the '07 fashions, and if he did anything calculated to mislead the elephant, such as speaking French or wearing dark spectacles, the bet would automatically be declared off.

Mr. Levy approved my decision heartily.

"Zat ith fair and just," he said. "Thith ith an experiment in ze interest of science an' ze money doth no matter. I vill borrow all clothes an' other necessaries from my brother who hath a shop zo zar vill be no unnecessary expense."

"An' ah'll overlook your fourpence," said Mr. Macintosh, not to be outdone in generosity.

And so, all preliminaries completed, we made the test. We were fortunate in finding the zoo almost deserted. It was too early for visitors and the keepers had gone for "char" in their canteen.

The heroine also was off-duty. Little dreaming she was so soon to be called upon to uphold the sagacity of her entire tribe she was chewing a straw hard by her mounting-block, lightly tethered by one leg to a tent peg. No longer was she a "bobby-soxer" elephant who squirted water and snatched hats. She had become a staid, responsible old lady, a dignified matriarch of whom even the keepers went in awe.

"There she ith," said Mr. Levy quite unnecessarily. "In ze interest of science I vill not go too close. I shall vait by this tree an' vatch."

"Mak' your cheque payable to Macintosh, Ltd.," said Mr. Macintosh. "The puir beast will get ma bun, an' ma apology for a silly joke, an' she'll wonder what ah'm blitherin' aboot."

He was confident as I should have been myself. With rather the air of a prize-fighter about to enter a ring where he knows he will be a certain winner, he removed his overcoat and handed it to me. I got a shock when I saw the outfit Mr. Levy's brother had provided. It may have been the height of fashion for a young blood in '07, but it made the Mr. Macintosh of '47 look like a Presbyterian elder disguised as a music-hall comedian.

Luckily, there was no one to see save ourselves. Twirling his cane and wearing his hat at a jaunty angle, Mr. Macintosh walked jauntily towards the elephant. He was smoking a cheroot also provided by Mr. Levy. In one hand he had a bag of buns I had procured myself in the interests of science.

Twenty yards from the unconscious elephant Mr. Macintosh paused to impale a bun on the end of his cane. Then, his resemblance to a music-hall comedian greatly increased, he advanced again, whistling "The Blue Bells of Scotland" as he did so. Bella didn't even turn her head. Her very hindquarters conveyed an impression of bored majesty about to accept another offering.

Brandishing the bun on the end of his cane like a drum-major, Mr. Macintosh rounded her. The years had fallen from Mr. Macintosh. Either that, or the imminent prospect of pocketing Mr. Levy's cheque had gone a little to his head, even as the Burton's Special must have done forty years before.

As Bella extended a languid trunk he raised his hat with a flourish.

"Guid morning, lassie. Ah'm Angus Macintosh come tae mak' me apology. Ah'm afraid ah'm a wee bit late, but——"

"Run, you fool!" I yelled.

One didn't need to be an expert to see that once again Bella was not amused. She had bristled like a dowager suddenly confronted by a rat.

"That man again!" her expression seemed to say.

Mr. Macintosh was already running, running as I daresay he hadn't run for forty years. Bella lumbered in pursuit, the useless tent-peg flapping at her heels Stout and elderly as she was, she could move. Somehow she reminded me of an irate cook with a rolling-pin.

It was lucky there was an adjacent enclosure with an

(*Continued on page 74*)

"YESTERDAY," gasped Mr. Macintosh. "Mon, ah'll swear ah haven't bin in this zoo for forrty years!"

(On left) CHURCHILL COURT, Somerset. Dating from the fourteenth century. The ancestors of SARAH JENNINGS, who became the Duchess of Marlborough, lived here in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries

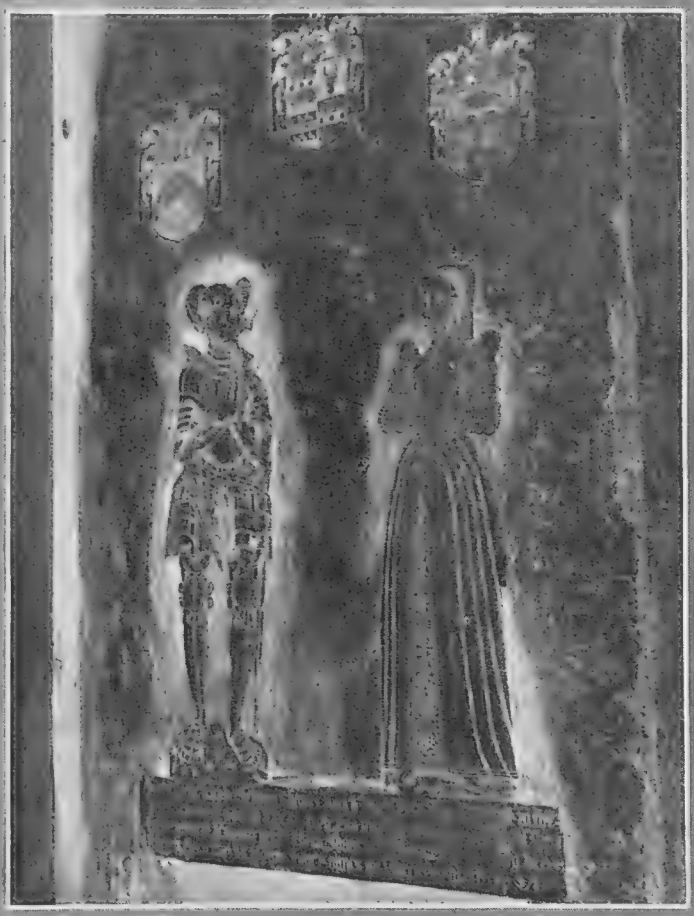
(Below) High up in the wall of the church is the coat of arms carved in stone, of SIR JOHN CHURCHILL, who purchased Churchill Court in 1652

Churchill
—*In Somerset*

Written and Photographed by Reece Winstone

CHURCHILL: what does that name not conjure up? We think at once of Britain's great patriot, but down in Somerset users of the Bristol–Exeter road will be reminded of a pretty village of the West Country.

As one might hope, Mr. Winston Churchill's ancestors lived here many years ago, and though the passing of centuries makes research difficult, several definite facts do emerge. The village mansion, Churchill Court, lies within a stone's throw of the church; in fact, from the porch a good view of the manor house may be obtained, with its unusual square tower. This old pile was purchased by one Raphe Jenyns, nearly four centuries ago, in 1563. Before a hundred years had passed, in 1660, a daughter was born to his great-grandson, Richard Jennings; the famous Sarah, (*Continued on page* 66)



In the south aisle of the village church is a beautiful brass in memory of RAPHE JENYNS—great-grandfather of the famous Duchess of Marlborough—and his wife. Dated 1572, it portrays this sixteenth-century lord of the manor clad in armour in an attitude of prayer, looking towards his wife. Over their heads are three coats of arms

(On left) In the porch of Churchill Church is a stone effigy, 600 years old, which is believed to represent ROGER DE CHURCHILL, who was one of Winston Churchill's ancestors

Call For An Author

It Was Not The Kind Of Curtain He Expected

By Edward Harding

THE yacht in the bay had been silver. In the early evening its polished side had been solid gold. Now it was turning grey, and rather shadowy; and people on the sea front had given up looking at the magnificent visitor.

The yacht lay quite still. The whole scene was lifeless—unless the eye could pick out one single small row-boat that was rounding the reef now and heading for the long, rakish grey vessel.

The man who pulled on the oars took his time. Often he turned, staring at the yacht, perhaps seeking someone to hail; but he saw no one on deck at all. He rowed without haste, as a man who must save his strength for some encounter.

He was a lean fellow, nearing middle-age; but his face, sharply-featured, showed none of the far-sightedness or the weather of sea-faring folk. His name was Simon Ritsema, and to him this steam yacht ahead was the end of long travels.

"Ahoy there! Hallo!"

The rower started, swung round on his seat.

Above him, somebody was hanging over the rails of the yacht, waving to attract his attention.

Ritsema pulled the little boat about, and bawled a reply.

"That the yacht *New Hope?*"

"It certainly is," the seaman called back.

"Belongs to Russell Calaman?"

"Certainly does!"

"Can I come aboard?"

"I d'know." The seaman yawned. "Who are you?"

"Ritsema. Just go and tell your boss it's Sim Ritsema."

"Old buddy, eh?" said the seaman. "OK. Wait and I'll drop a ladder for you."

He vanished from sight, and the man who was calling on an old friend began getting his boat close under the lee, which took some time, as he was no expert.

The seaman came back with a rope-ladder, and a rope to tie up the row-boat. He watched casually while Ritsema set careful, testing feet on the rungs.

"Don't take no chances, mister."

"You're telling me. I can't swim an inch."

"That so?" said the seaman, interested. "Neither can I!"

Safe and sound on deck, Ritsema gazed round. Everything in sight was perfect and new and infinitely expensive.

"My God," he said softly, "what a lot of money will do . . . Where is he?"

"How d'you know he's on board, mister?"

"I saw some of the crew on the quay. They told me."

"They might have told you he was palatic drunk, too—and saved you a long trip. Nice thing," grunted the sailor, "he lets them off for the night while he sticks down there boozing—and me left here."

Ritsema was hardly listening. His mind seemed too full of the evidence of opulence that lay all round. All that money out of theatre-plays: it didn't seem right. Calaman must have far too much money: far too much. But Calaman was drunk—probably as not many men but Calaman could be drunk—so it wasn't going to be easy talking money to him just now.

For the first time, Ritsema began to notice the disgruntled seaman. He offered him a cigarette; but the man waved it away and took out his own American pack. He looked a perfect Boston or Charleston type, a little run to fat, perhaps, not much older than Ritsema himself, and with a kind of set to his mouth and jaw that reminded Ritsema faintly of someone else—some film star, maybe?

But the man had an obvious toughness, which was exactly the thing that Ritsema might need to use. The man was a possible ally.

"How d'you get on with Calaman?"

"He's a louse," the seaman spat briefly.

Ritsema leaned with his back to the rail, and said he could tell a few things about that celebrated gentleman.

"That so?" The man sounded interested. "Better come over to the other side—we're just over his cabin here—and he *mightn't* be as tight as he looks."

HE led the way across the ship. Ritsema looked back. There was still no sign of the crew returning from the quay. The bay and the tall houses on the sea-front could barely be made out, as the little town of Linmouth prepared to lose itself in the dusk.

Soon the two men were at the opposite rail, an infinite expanse of grey sea before them. The only sound was of seagulls, but there came a soft put-putting, and presently a motored fishing-coble appeared from round the northern headland, labouring slowly for harbour.

Both men watched it.

"My name's Joe Krauss," the seaman said. "What's the dirt about the boss—and what can we do about it?"

Ritsema's surprised look was wasted. Krauss was intent upon the fishermen in the coble.

"Well," Ritsema began, cautiously, "it won't hurt you to know, pal—and it might do both of us some good—if he makes trouble when I—when I talk to him, see."

"We'll go down and pull him round any time you like."

"Hear the little story first." Ritsema's deep-set eyes took on a strange glow. "About fifteen years ago. Everybody's forgotten but me: just me and Calaman. Fifteen years ago—in a little spot called the Hope of the West."

The place wasn't in the West; and it was without hope. Nobody could possibly care where it was, except the proprietors of the Santa Fe railroad who used it as a very minor repair-depot. Apart from the two repair-sheds by the railroad, there were a couple of dozen shacks, a tiny pool saloon, a petrol pump, and the "Hope of the West" saloon, which had either given its name to the town, or taken it from it.

It was a curious, hardened and always changing collection

Illustrations By Edward Osmond

of men living there. Their interests were drink and poker; which was the only sane reason why Job Ankaman had settled down.

Ankaman was an angel with cards, and the smartest men through the depot had never been able to catch him cheating. The bar-keeper Greimer said he'd been thrown off a train a couple of years earlier because he'd won too much. And Ankaman kept on winning, too.

But there were no hard feelings over that. Because when Job had cleaned everybody out, he turned to his second passion, and all drinks were on him until the winnings were gone. And the few times that he'd tried to get home, there'd always been accidents : either he'd tripped over something and wakened in the morning, with empty pockets; or somebody had simply and honestly knocked him over the head with the same sobering result.

Job had been well liked because he'd

YOUNG Evans was at Ankaman's side. Before all of them, Job gave him the fat roll of notes, while young Evans played casually with the butt of a shot gun sticking out of his pocket

been such an entertainer, too. He was full of tales of theatre-land in San Francisco. At various times, in the drink, he'd claimed to be a producer, a stage-manager, a newspaper editor, and (most often) a famous writer. Now and then he'd act sketches for the men in the bar—things he said he'd made up himself. He was great fun.

Things began to change after young Evans reached Hope of the West. Young Evans, the brake-repair expert from Falling Springs, with his slow, speculative eyes and his hardly-concealed contempt for the drinkers. Young Evans took some sort of fancy to the broken-down theatrical.

"What do you stick around here for, Ankaman?"

"What's there to go for, son?" And blearily Job would rant about the deceit and unfairness and cruelty of the show-business on the coast.

But young Evans kept asking him about his old life, about the people he'd known—nobody who mattered, of course—and about his work. It really began to look as if Job was going to get behind with his drinking, he talked so much to young Evans, and had to be a little sober to do it.

Something like a crisis cropped up one night not long after. The men had all been paid, and gambling was heavy. In three hours Job had cleaned up about 200 dollars. And then the men started their real drinking, with the barman Greimer sidling round to Ankaman for the money.

But young Evans was at Ankaman's side. Before all of them, Job gave him the fat roll of green notes, while young Evans played casually with the butt of a shotgun sticking out of his pocket.

Then young Evans went out.

"Sorry, you guys," Job chuckled. "But I've started saving up!"

Staggered but amused, they asked what for.

"To put my plays on. It's only the money I need, to make me a millionaire, boys. And I'll remember you all. I sure will. Any time any of you come along, when I've got my plays on, I'll remember it's your money that did it!"

"But you can't trust that little runt!"

"I certainly do."

The men took it badly, but Job had kept back enough money to make them moderately drunk, and the sensation passed without bloodshed.

IT turned out it was only a beginning. Every time there was big money flying, the silent young brake-engineer would be there at the end to carry off most of it. For a while Job was cut out of the card-play, but that didn't last. There was talk of barring him from the saloon altogether, but they'd have lost his acting and his wisecracks.

By now his plays were common talk, and he acted chunks of scenes for the gamblers. When they bawled "Author! Author!" (as he'd instructed) he walked off and strutted back, unsteadily, to make a special speech that had them howling.

Of course he talked too much even when he wasn't fooling for them. They soon learned that he really had three big plays that were bound to make a fortune if only somebody would put them on; and they learned that young Evans was going to stand in for a useful cut in the profits when that happy day came.

So the months went by, and the savings grew. When Hope of the West was reckoned to be a dangerous place to hold so much money, young Evans took it to Falling Springs and banked it for Ankaman.

And bit by bit, too, he tried to get Job to ease off with the whisky.

"Money's all right," he used to say, "but you've still got to *sell* that first play—you've got to talk to folks in New York. Go on like this and you'll be dead in three years, Job!"

"You're right, kid. Just two every night—that's my limit from now on!"

(*Continued on page* 66)

"WELL," said Ritsema, "what say we go down and talk to him? You're on to the ten per cent!"

RESOLUTIONS IN REVERSE

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS ARE SELDOM LONG-LIVERS, BUT CHEAT THE TIME FACTOR BY GIVING THEM A NEW TWIST AND THEY BECOME LESS TEDIOUS AND FAR MORE FUN.

TO BE MORE SELF-INDULGENT is intriguing in itself. In any case, austerity has had a good run and has only succeeded in making you a nervy, overtensed, intolerant person. Plan to treat yourself more leniently, to ease up a bit mentally and physically and so to become a sweeter, more *human* person.

NOT TO TAKE SO MUCH GOOD ADVICE, but to steer clear of the whirlpool of other people's opinions. The effect upon personal affairs of sound, independent judgment, of standing firmly upon one's own pins, is more likely, in the end, to show results.

SPEND LESS TIME ON PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Even though the clothes problem is just as maddening, personal appearances are important only up to a point. Devote some of the time you have formerly given to titivating to the cultivation of other social attributes. What use appearances if you as a person are a flop?

WORRY LESS ABOUT THE HOUSE. Those shabby curtains, the daily dinner, the diminishing store of coal in the cellar. These are vital points, but fussing doesn't improve them, and while you are thus preoccupied, more important things are neglected—for instance, the creation of that endearing atmosphere which unites the occupants of the home and which is not dependent upon material things.

NOT TO CARE ABOUT GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY. One of war's endowments is a sprinkling of grey hairs and a general consciousness of Time's relentless hand, but the most successful antidote is indifference. You are more likely to grow old gracefully if you just forget it.

BOTHER LESS ABOUT MEN. A tall order, perhaps, but it is an established fact that man is a capricious animal and at his most susceptible when women are discreetly indifferent.

HAVE FEWER AMBITIONS. Unless you happen to be a person with outstanding powers of concentration and unrelenting will-power, it is far better to concentrate on the actual achievement of, say, one important goal than to toy with a number of vague objectives which, let 's face it, seldom come to anything.

BE LESS CONCERNED WITH SAVINGS IN THE BANK and more preoccupied with practical, workable, day-to-day economies which, when the final balance is taken, show a more spectacular credit at the bank.

TO BE LESS ANXIOUS ABOUT BEING A GOOD PARENT and to be a better mother. Scientific routines and clockwork efficiency are admirable as far as they go—but when they go too far—as they often do—the more endearing attributes of motherliness go with them.

Julie London, Universal starlet, petite but perfectly proportioned.

FACTS AND

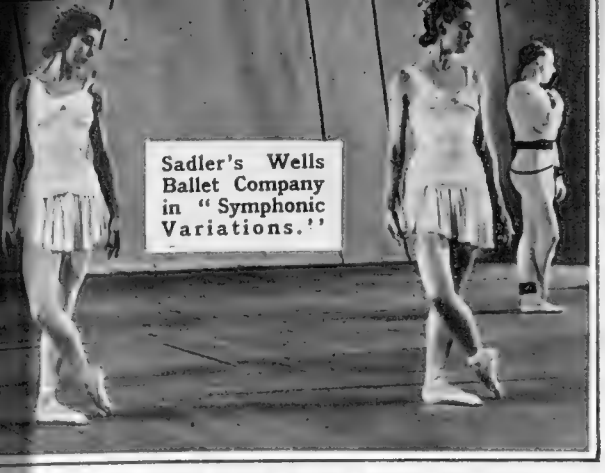
EARL SINGER, America's portrait-painter of exciting women, says that 5 ft. 6 ins. to 5 ft. 7 ins. is the "ideal height." Hollywood standards for perfect leg measurements are thigh 19½ ins., calf 12½ ins., ankle 8½ ins.

But if you don't measure up to these intriguing standards, don't give up. Not for a moment. Exercises, clever clothes and deportment work miracles.

Good deportment endows the over-tall figure with a new grace. Fatal thing is to try to conceal your height. Walk upright with the chin drawn in and the eyes fixed on a point just *above* the other person's head.

Sports which develop poise are figure beautifiers. Ballet dancing for the young, skating and fencing, encourage the control of muscle and limb without which even Hollywood measurements are wasted.

The Velasquez Venus, the perfection of feminine form. (National Gallery.)



Sadler's Wells Ballet Company in "Symphonic Variations."

FIGURES

Petite women should avoid shoulder-length hair, wide-brimmed hats, exaggerated shoulder-width. Swept-up hair tends to increase the illusion of height.

Round faces are cute, but they call for sleek hair. Tall, athletic types can wear longish hair but no fluffy curls, please.

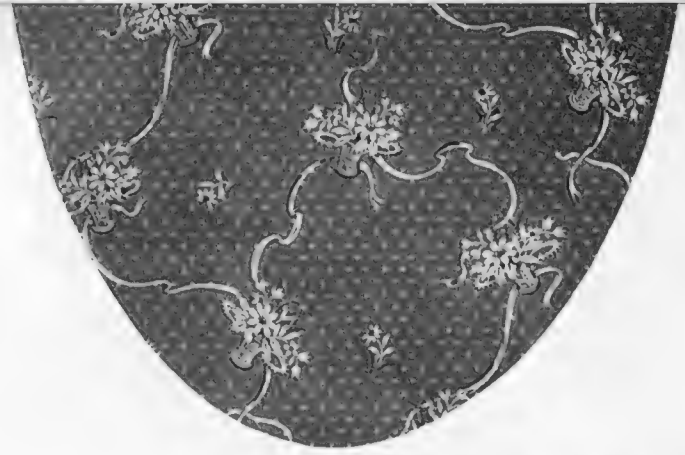
Exercises *do* take off weight. Film-star Gene Tierney claims to have reduced 8 lbs. in four weeks with simple exercises. All the same, though simple, the exercises must be scientific. Stretching, bending, rolling are a waste of time unless movements are scientifically designed to touch the right spots. Go to a Swedish drill instructor, buy a really good book on health exercises. Make a proper job of it.

Time is a factor in relation to the form beautiful. If you were not born with an exciting figure you can develop one, but it takes time and discipline. There is no easy way.

Dusty Anderson, Columbia's rising star, recommends this waist-reducing exercise. Sit on the heels with back to a wall and slide slowly up until standing.

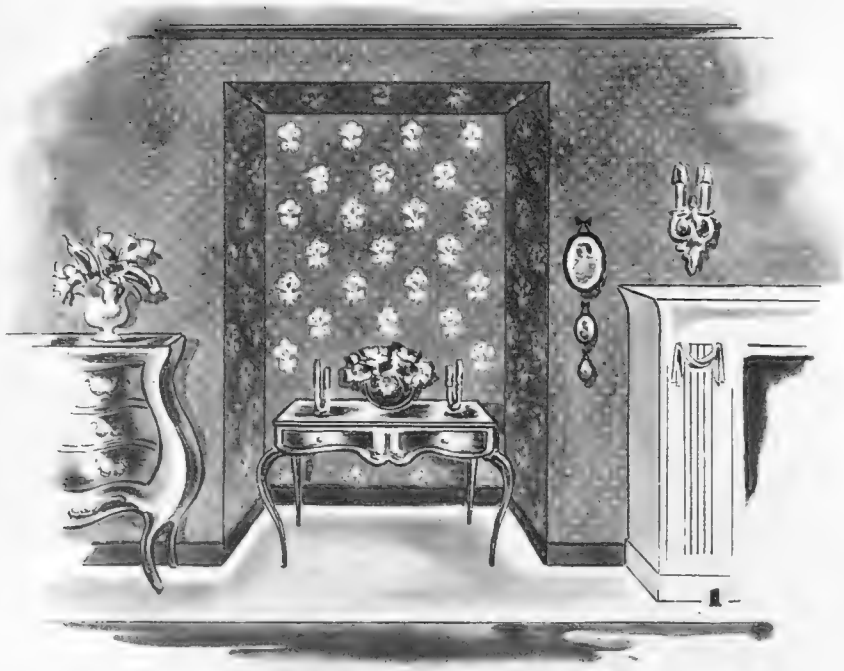
Petite Jean Kent, star of the film "Carnival," accentuates her height with long, slenderising lines from neck to hem.

Moira Shearer, of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, a perfect exponent of controlled grace.



(Above) " Dotted Swiss " wallpaper with delicate basket-and-flower design. White on pastel pink or palest fawn. (On right) Moss-roses and white spots in relief on palest pink.

Plans for



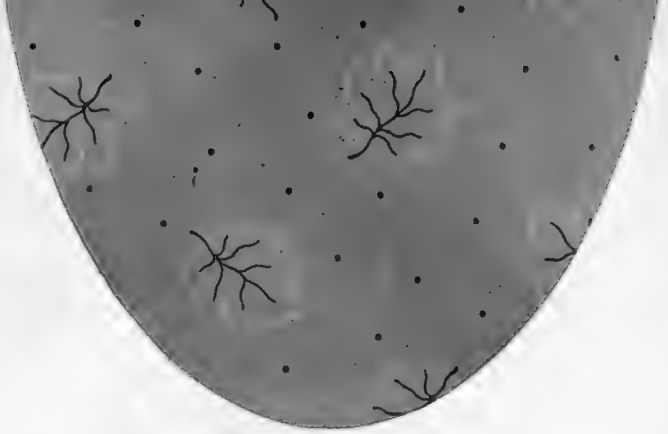
(1) Fireside recess lined in floral paper with a spotted ground. Remaining walls have spotted paper exactly matching, but without the flowers. (2) Blue wallpaper patterned with white bouquets makes a setting for darker blue curtains, white bedspreads and a frilly-white dressing-table. (3) Striped grey and ivory wallpaper combines with curtains and chair-covers of golden yellow and a honey-beige carpet. (4) An all-over flower design with pink and blues on a pastel-green ground is teamed with woodwork of a deeper green. (5) The staircase wall is papered with a stripe-and-flower design. The facing walls are distempered in the background colouring.

FURNITURE that is not just a promise of things to come is everybody's news. Here is a piece in season, a fireside chair which has the added advantage that, when summer comes, it is ideally adaptable for use outdoors, since the metal frame is light enough to make it easily portable.

Designed on the hammock principle, this chair fits snugly into the back with that embracing support which gives comfort, whether one is sitting upright to read or sew, or stretching out with feet on the fender. A patent pivot adjusts itself to every movement of the body, giving armchair comfort in a very small space. A good point in small rooms.

The frame is made of aluminium alloy—featherlight and strong. The upholstery is in coloured canvas piped with a contrasting tone. There is green with tan, nigger with cream, pink with stone, and navy blue with white. Colours, in fact, to link up with any scheme.

DRAW UP TO THE FIRE



(Above) All-over design of foliage and flowers, pale pink on a deeper ground. (On right) Leaves outlined in white with gold spots scattered on a pastel ground. (Sanderson Wallpapers.)

Paper

By Winifred Lewis

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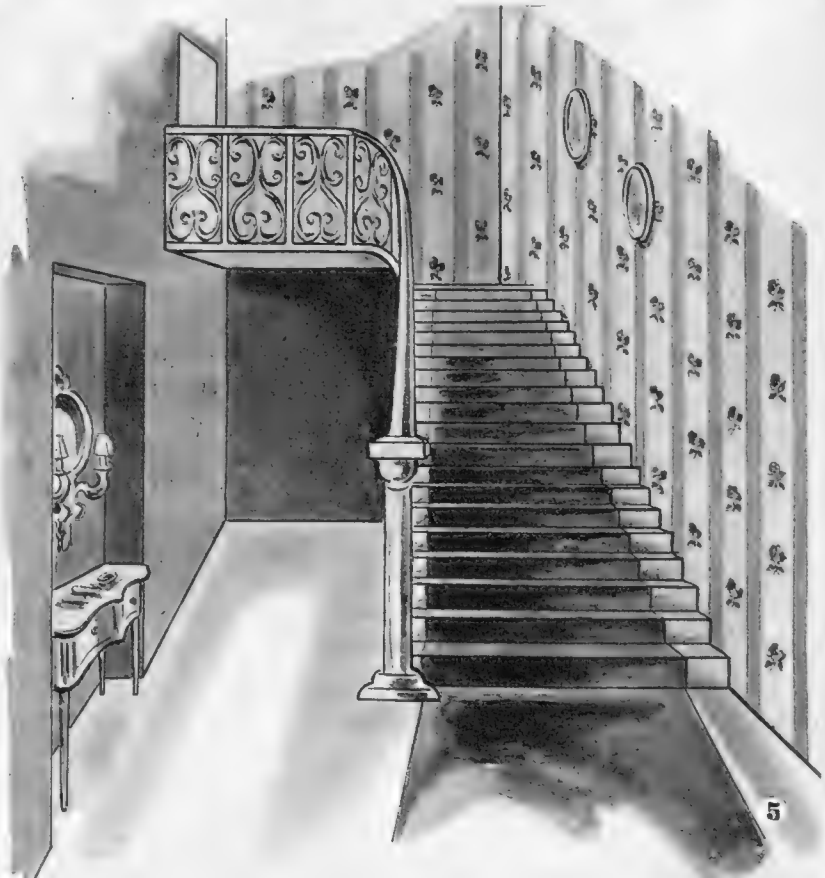
3



5

THE wallpaper chase gains momentum as spring and decorating time draw nearer.

Paper for house decoration is back in two senses, firstly, by virtue of some improvement in the supply situation, and secondly, by decree of fashion.

The long and boring era of plain walls is dead. It has finished because the reasons which inspired it are dead as well.

The plain-wall treatment was a reaction—a protest, if you like—against the unloveliness of wallpapers. The long period during which the choice of design lay between either the Victorian or the flamboyantly "modern," with nothing between of which even a moderately cultured taste could approve, left us no alternative to the severely plain wall.

But wallpaper, when it is good, has advantages of colouring, texture and individuality unknown to the plain wall.

Steps have been taken by makers to ensure that when the paper shortage is past, beautiful wallpaper, *at a reasonable cost*, shall give a new tone to British homes.

Wallpapers are more costly now than before the war. That is inevitable and in line with rising prices all round, but one of the best-known manufacturers assures me that quality has not deteriorated, whereas designs are much improved.

Washable papers figure prominently among the new productions and cost little, if anything, more than other kinds. Flowered and spotted designs, with accompanying plain papers matched exactly to the background colouring, make it possible to achieve varied and original room treatments.

(Left.) *She pins an Egyptian ornament in her turban and another on her lapel. These are gold electroplating on pottery, duplicates of those worn in the film "Cæsar and Cleopatra."*

(Right.) *She pins her long page-boy bob back from her brow with diamante clips, or on occasions with two small, single flowers.*

(Below.) *For evening she pins a feather plait like a cockscomb in her golden hair. Ornament and hair style by Elizabeth Arden.*

(Left.) *With her hair drawn back from the brow and the long ends gathered to one side, she pins a trail of flowers like a tiara to her tresses. Andrea King, Warner Brothers star.*

PIN-ON

Trimming, and plenty of reaction from austerity a flower, a feather or a 1947 breaks out into She even pins on her

(Right.) *To a pill-box hat, worn well back, she pins a gigantic rose, and to her belt another.*

(Right.) *She favours a pin-on plait, poised like a coronet well back from a smooth, white brow.*

(Above.) *A loose plait, pinned to an upswept coiffure, is brought forward low on the brow for Alice Faye.*

(Right.) *Strands of plaited velvet, looped around the head, are pinned beneath a bow.*

GIRL

it, is the inevitable styles. With a pin, bright ornament Miss colour and gaiety. hair—well, some of it.

Hair swept up to the crown is topped with a pin-on coil.

(Above.) *Patricia Morrison wears a false switch in a classic coil.*

(Left.) *Two strands of hair, intertwined, make another pin-on evening hair style for Andrea King.*

Skating skirt in cherry-red wool from Lillywhites worn with a high-necked sweater or the lumber jacket below.

Checked wool lumber jacket from Lillywhites worn with man-tailored and proofed Vorlage Londonus slacks from Fortnum and Mason.

SUNSHINE AND SNOW

WINTER SPORTS make one of the few big boom stories of this winter. Seasoned and unseasoned winter sporters are swarming into the mountains for a brief spell of the mental and physical stimulation which goes with outdoor exercise taken in brilliant sun and in air with the long-forgotten qualities of champagne.

Early bookings are advisable for all intending holiday-makers in the snow. Good conditions prevail at the high-altitude resorts right on into March, so late-comers still have a chance.

Newcomers to winter sports are naturally concerned to know how the novice stands. For instance, "Can one learn to ski in a fortnight?" The answer is, "Yes. Ski-ing can be learned by the average person in three days—that is to say, you will be able in that time to get around with confidence and should have mastered the important rudiments of stopping and turning on different surfaces of snow. Ski-ing, in fact, comes more easily to most people than ice-skating.

On the subject of equipment and dress, the informal costume is correct to-day. Waterproof slacks, boots and a wool sweater or wind-cheater are sufficient for ski outings anywhere. You can buy your equipment at leading stores in this country, but there has been a heavy run on winter-sports clothes in the past few weeks and supplies are getting short. Alternatively, equipment can be hired on the spot at a very reasonable charge. The cost of a week's hire of skis, sticks and ski-boots is approximately £1.

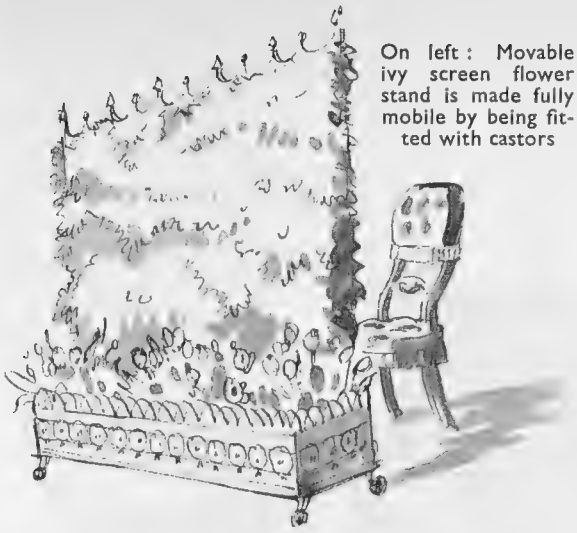
THE most popular resorts for ski-ing in Switzerland are St. Moritz, Arosa and Davos, for at these high altitudes one is sure of good snow conditions throughout the season. At the same time, there are many equally good but less fashionable winter-sports resorts, and, in fact, at most resorts good hotel accommodation is available from £1 a day.

Food is excellent, but coupons must be surrendered for all meals. A plentiful supply of these is issued to travellers at the Swiss frontier, however, and thereafter you may indulge all the steaks, eggs, hams, chickens, bananas, oranges and peach-Melbas you have dreamed about since the war cut our diet to shreds.

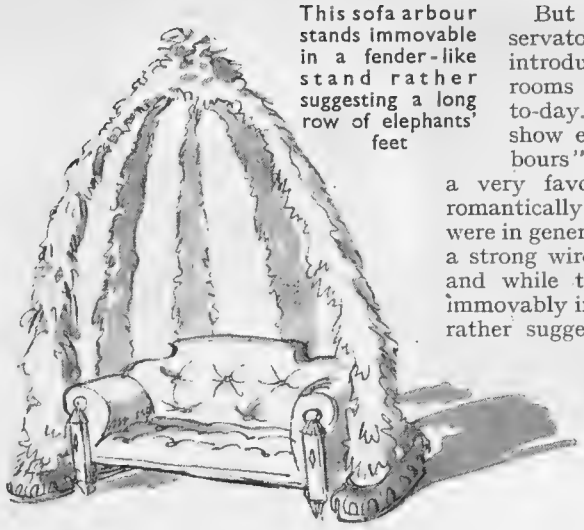
In all Swiss winter-resorts there is a ski-school where learners can be initiated into this gentle—or not so gentle—art by competent instructors. Experts take the view that it is better to join a ski-class if you are a novice, rather than indulge the extra expense of private tuition. Ski-classes are fun and, what is more important, one learns more rapidly by watching other people's mistakes. Instruction usually takes place from 10 to 12 noon and from 2 to 4 p.m. When you are reasonably proficient and graded by your instructor, you can join a party on a day's ski-excursion into the mountains—an unforgettable experience.

IF you do not ski, skate or toboggan and are content to be a looker-on, there is magic in the Alpine sunshine, strong enough to take the skin off your nose if you don't watch out.

(*Continued on page 74*)



On left: Movable ivy screen flower stand is made fully mobile by being fitted with castors



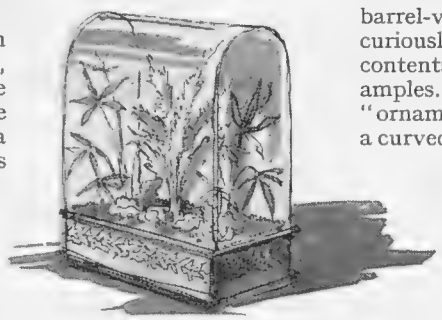
This sofa arbour stands immovable in a fender-like stand rather suggesting a long row of elephants' feet

The Garden Came Indoors

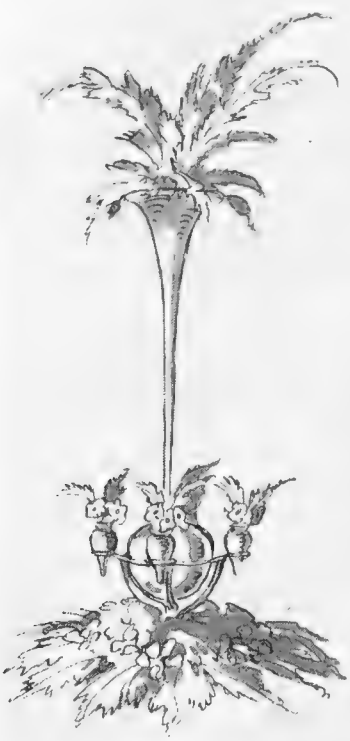
Flower Decoration of the Victorian Era

NOBODY knows exactly when it became the custom to decorate the house with cut flowers and with growing plants, although the love of flower gardens lies deep in the heart of Time.

One of the first references to this cult is in *Flora Domestica*, published in England in 1824, where we read "the fashion of ornamenting the houses in London with plants, when routs are given, greatly contributed to bring it (the Calla or Arum lily) into celebrity, and as a conspicuous candlelight plant it was therefore increasingly grown by all rout-furnishing florists." From this time on the fashion spread, until not only every country house of importance was surrounded (and sometimes almost hidden) by its conservatories, but also, as the author of *Elegant Arts for Ladies* (London, 1859) wisely comments, "natural ornaments and flowers, tastefully arranged, give an air of elegance to a room in which the furniture is far from costly." By the middle of the last century, the arrangement of flowers and the decorative use of plants in pots had reached a very high level, and numerous books were published on the subject, treating the matter both as an art and a science. One of these, *Domestic Floriculture* by F. W. Burbidge, published in London in 1874, and profusely illustrated with engravings, is the source from which the accompanying illustrations were taken.



Albert fern case. The barrel-vaulted glass dome must have given a curiously artificial or subaqueous effect to its contents



Dining-table centre piece. A trumpet-shaped vase of white glass rising from a crystal ball flanked by four glass bases in brackets

It must be remembered that it was in the Victorian age when the garden actually came —or was brought—indoors for the first time. Conservatories were not only used, as they often are nowadays, for raising seedlings or for housing rare and tropical plants, but were also used as sitting-rooms, fully furnished with tables, chair and rugs. No doubt the absence of fresh air which the period demanded in its ordinary living-rooms, made the temperature of the hot-house less oppressive than it would be to us nowadays.

But apart from the conservatory, pot plants were introduced in the sitting-rooms more than they are to-day. The illustrations show examples of the "arbours" and screens of ivy—a very favourite plant of this romantically minded period, which were in general use. In both cases, a strong wire framework is used, and while the "arbour" stands immovably in a fender-like stand rather suggesting a long row of elephants' feet, the screen rises from a flower trough, and is made fully mobile by being fitted with castors. No doubt the Victorians, with their insistence on convenience and comfort, liked to think that a little rustic privacy could be provided in any corner of the drawing-room at a moment's notice, and with no more effort or inconvenience from beetles and chills, than in ringing for the appropriate servant to wheel it along!

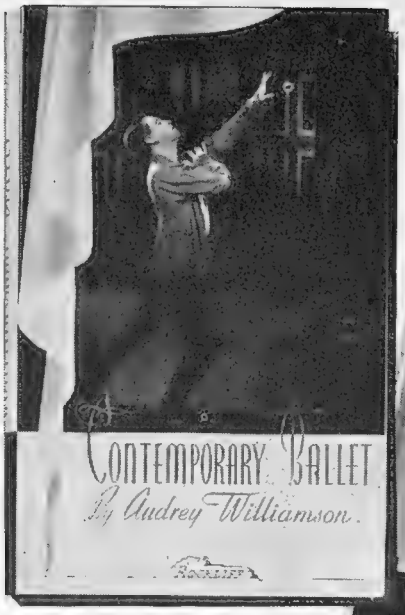
Their love for any "greenery," such as ferns or ivy, which has survived to this day in the aspidistra of the back streets, is exemplified in the "Albert fern case." The barrel-vaulted glass dome must have given a curiously artificial or subaqueous effect to its contents. There were even more elaborate examples. It was a common practice to fix an "ornamental plant-case" outside the window, with a curved glass cover to protect its contents from the weather, and which incidentally prevented most effectively the entry of any air into the room when the lower part of the window was opened. Sometimes these cases were combined with an aquarium, so that through the draped opening in the lace curtains the light filtered through a whole tropical world, of plants and flowers above, of fishes, rocks and water plants below. But it was in the dinner-table decorations and centre-pieces that these ambitious schemes had full scope. The example illustrated consists of a trumpet-shaped vase of white glass rising from a crystal ball and flanked by four small glass vases in brackets. The whole concern, whose base is banked with flowers on a bed of fern, rises almost six feet from the top of the table. But even this is overshadowed by other and more complex arrangements, which consisted of a regular Eiffel Tower of trumpet vases, one rising out of the other, or of an arch of flowers and creepers spanning the whole length of the table from the roast turkey in front of the paterfamilias at its head, to the saddle of mutton in front of the lady of the house seated at the far end.

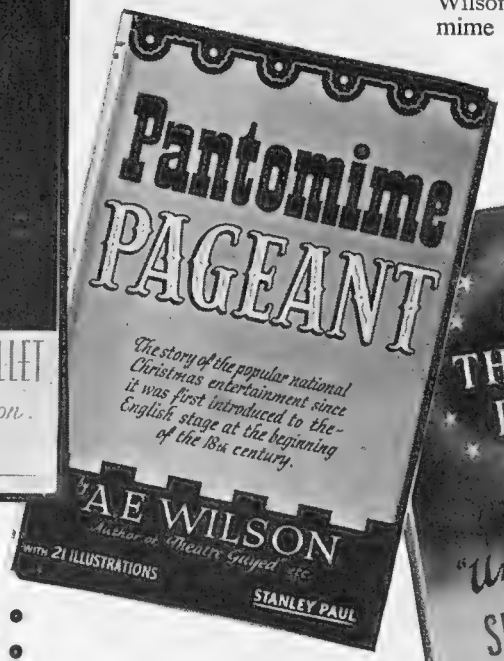
A plant bracket fixed to the wall

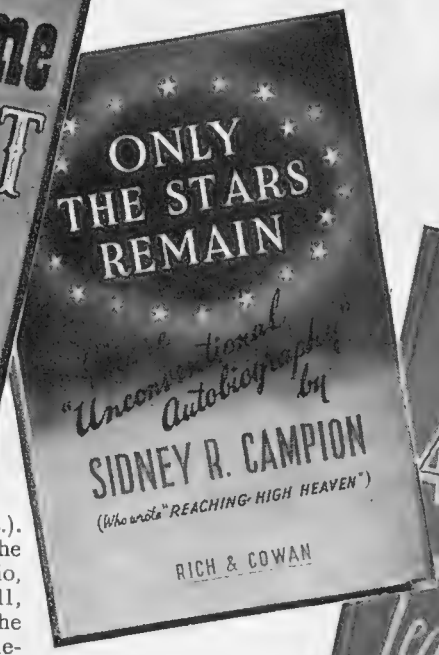
ON special occasions, and in the houses of the wealthy, flower arrangements were of such elaboration that they sound to our ears, conditioned by modern austerity, like echoes from another world altogether.

It is hoped that the above brief description will help to correct the impression that the Victorian age was one in which the standard of taste had, as has too often been asserted, "reached a very low ebb." On the contrary, a careful study of their records shows that not only in flower decoration, but in the other arts of life, the nineteenth century used its leisure and its wealth with great ingenuity and with great natural taste as well.

DEANE ANDERSON




Pantomime
PAGEANT
The story of the popular national Christmas entertainment since it was first introduced to the English stage at the beginning of the 18th century.
by A. E. WILSON
Author of "Theatre Guyed" etc.
with 21 ILLUSTRATIONS
STANLEY PAUL



Books:

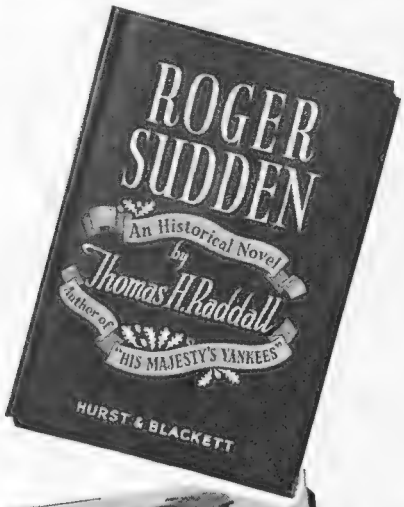
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

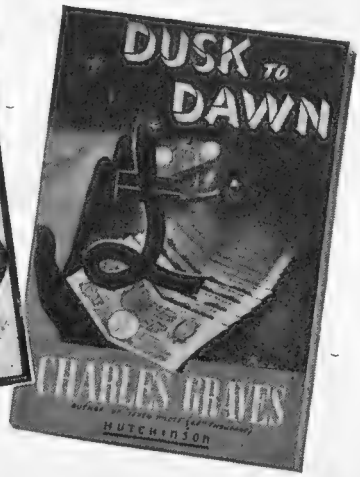
SINCE this is panto time, who, may we ask, originated it? John Rich, the first harlequin, at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1717, though similar shows had prepared the way. Who was the first principal boy? Probably a Miss Ellington, prince in *The Good Woman in the Wood* at the Lyceum in 1852, though she was discreetly skirted to the knees, trunks being scorned until the more advanced '70's. If you would know *all* panto lore, consult Mr. A. E. Wilson's **"Pantomime Pageant"** (Stanley Paul, 16s.). Meet masters of the art like Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, and hear Dan, the Dame, telling Bluebeard: "I'm one of those—you know—those foghorns you hear on the river—I don't mean foghorns but you know—tut, tut, sirens, that's it—I'm a siren." Mr. Wilson carries his centuries of motley learning lightly, right up to the Arnold-Littler-Laidler present. It is a book to make you feel a boy or girl again, flushed and breathless at your first panto.

Tragic Edmund Kean peopled another stage world in which life was grimmer, more earnest. I wonder was Mr. Julius Berstl right in making **"The Sun'sBrightChild"** (Hammond, 15s.) the "imaginary memoirs" of this ill-starred genius—that is, literally "ghosting" him? Obviously, there were pitfalls. I cannot, for instance, see Kean writing "Silently I gnashed my teeth" or "The mystic bond between me and the public." The facts, the drama of his chequered life are here, but not the idiom. Perhaps it was one of those bright ideas which lure in theory but betray in practice. Even so, Mr. Berstl projects vividly the story and personality. One understands why Byron threw an epileptic fit when he saw Kean playing a madman.

PASS the iodine, please. Mr. Wilson Midgley has written a sage, sensitive book about experiences in hospital: **"From My Corner Bed"** (Chaterson, 7s. 6d.); fellow patients, doctors, nurses, sisters, and a grand little Welsh matron who, when staff was short, would go on her knees and scrub corridors. "There is no place like a hospital for fun," he says, but his cheerfulness does not prevent his facing up to pain and the fight with the ever-present Last Enemy. I commend it not only for its philosophy but as a model of clear, cogent writing. Not for nothing is "Midge" a Yorkshireman and expert journalist.

IF autobiography is the art of being frank unselfconsciously, then Mr. Sidney R. Campion has it. In a further instalment, **"Only the Stars Remain"** (Rich & Cowan, 15s.), he describes his early writing and reading enthusiasms, the teamwork comradeship with his wife





FULL MEASURE

AN outsider manœuvring to marry into a rich banking family jealous of its traditions is a ripe theme for the novelist, especially when she is frank enough to admit that she is impelled only by "fondness" and a regard for money and position. Village schoolteacher, Amalie Maxwell—"what a face, what a figure"—is the problem in Mr. Taylor Caldwell's **"This Side of Innocence"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.). But for her the head of the business, Alfred, might be marrying cousin Dorothea, which would keep everything shipshape. So post-haste from New York comes Dorothea's rakish brother Jerome to spike the marriage at all costs—and fall in love with Amalie himself. Thus, it becomes a Forsyte story of family complications, and the character drawing is such that one doesn't grudge Mr. Caldwell his 500 pages necessary for resolving so forceful a story.

ANOTHER spacious U.S. novel—400 pages—is Miss Jean Stafford's **"Boston Adventure"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.), the story of a village girl of unbalanced family who achieves her dream of going to Boston and living in "society," thanks to an old lady who links the two worlds. Sonia Marburg, in her reactions to both, is a psychological study of profound interest to all who like their novels to have something of the quality of real-life biography.

With these two hefties, each in a full, leisured narrative style, one could go to bed for weeks and hardly notice the time passing.

Holbein's "Portrait of Edward VI, King of England 1547-1553." From the New York Metropolitan Museum, and formerly in the London Collection of Lord Lee of Fareham. One of the illustrations from "Royal Portraits," with an introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski, the General Editor of the series of The Faber Gallery (Faber and Faber, 6s.)

which enabled him to surmount difficulties. As newsboy urchin in a big family subsisting on £1 a week he climbed the greasy pole in a fairground—with a gap in the seat of his breeches—and nabbed the prize ham at the top. He seems to have climbed the greasy pole of authorship with similar success. Here is inspiration for others battling with life from zero beginnings.

IN sitting down to write his "random thoughts and recollections" Sir William Beach Thomas asked himself: what has made life happy, in essential things? Love of the country, he decided, is the surest, most lasting source of pleasure; and that love, together with the love of good books, permeates "A Countryman's Creed" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). He does not approve of dilettante ruralists: if we are in the country we should be of it and know that the labours that sustain it are no longer those of a "dying, picturesque peasantry." His is a book to live with, not just read, return, and forget.

MISS AUDREY WILLIAMSON is a ballet critic well qualified to interpret its modern developments, scope, and history. She does so painstakingly in "Contemporary Ballet" (Rockliff, 21s.), which has sixty-four excellent photographic studies. Theatre and film critics enjoy their little joke, but how seriously balletomanes take themselves! Why is this, I wonder, when ballet itself—for for example, "The Three-cornered Hat" abounds in humour and satire?

IF you would know the seamy side of life, become a car-hire driver! That inference I draw from Mr. Charles Graves' first post-war adventure story "Dusk to Dawn" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), in which Johnny Morgan, M.C., demobbed from the Royal Armoured Corps, finds the job a racket for fleecing clients and a ready passout to the London underworld of smash and grab, car and tyre theft, dog-doping and every other kind of vice and crime, apart from the gay ladies who invite you to "come up and have a drinky-drink" when you drop them at their door in the small hours. But since Johnny weathers it all to become his own boss, and also the charming Fay's, we may say thanks (*Continued on page 70*)

(On right)
"... *and the necessity of giving them to a servant on entering the dinner-room creates confusion.*"
One of the illustrations by Brian Robb to "Hints on Etiquette," reprinted from an 1836 edition, and published by Turnstile Press, 5s.

ART BOOKS

MESSRS. FABER and FABER have recently added four more titles to their admirable series of The Faber Gallery (6s.). They are as follows: **"Sienese Painting,"** with an introduction and notes by Tancred Borenius; **"English Outdoor Paintings,"** with an introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski; **"Royal Portraits,"** with an introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski, and **"Flemish Paintings,"** with an introduction and notes by Thomas Bodkin.

This series which is designed to cover all European Schools, has been edited by R. H. Wilenski, and the publishers have been fortunate in obtaining access to many fine works in public and private collections. Each volume contains ten or more mounted coloured plates.

FOUR more titles of another interesting series (Gallery Books, 4s. 6d.) have been issued by Percy Lund Humphries. They are Peter Paul Rubens', **"The Chateau de Steen"**; Vermeer, **"Lady at the Virginals"**; Antoine Watteau, **"Les Charmes de la Vie"**; and Daumier's **"Third Class Railway Carriage."**

"The Virgin and Child," by Hans Memlinc. Painted in 1487, this picture forms the left wing of a diptych now to be seen in the Hôpital de Saint Jean at Bruges. One of the illustrations from "Flemish Paintings," with an introduction and notes by Thomas Bodkin, The Faber Gallery (Faber and Faber, 6s.)

NOT so long back the Ministry of Works warned that there was still a shortage of plumbers. Last winter, in fact, there was only one plumber for every 500 burst water pipes—so beware this coming cold season. Here are one or two things you can do to tide over if you are unlucky enough to get a burst.

Shut off the water at the main; draw off the boiler fire to prevent any danger of explosion; run off the water in all taps, water closets and so on. Then, if the pipe is a lead one things can be improved by tapping together the edges of the burst. In the case of other types of pipe it is sometimes possible to effect a partial cure by pressing moistened chewing gum, plasticene or some similar material into the "break." Now cut an old cycle inner tube or rubber hot water bottle into strips about 1½ in. wide. Bind up the burst pipe tightly, and hold the patch in position with a firm fastening of insulating tape. Only use the water at low pressure.

Nevertheless, prevention is better than cure, and here are a few tips which some people have found useful. Get a tin of waterglass (such as is used for egg preserving), and give the pipes a double coating.

Sprinkle a handful of salt, or glycerine if obtainable, down the bath and sink grids at night. This will gradually pass down the pipes and help to prevent them freezing.

During a cold spell close all windows and outlets and leave downstairs room doors open at night. Living-rooms are usually warm, and the heat will rise to the upper floor.

If the cistern is situated in the loft, keep the loft trap-door open a few inches, and the rising air will keep the temperature above the danger point. A candle, or small hurricane lamp, burning in a bathroom and lavatory is also a help.

WHEN a severe spell sets in the best plan is to cut off the water by closing the stop-tap, and then opening the draw-off tap and all others. The water closets should be flushed and kept empty, and all plugs to basins, baths, and sinks should be put in at night.

If the water supply is not cut off, see that none of the taps throughout the house is dripping. If any supply pipes are exposed to the air they should be protected by hair felt or other non-conducting material, such as old cycle tyres, tubes, mackintoshes, American cloth, slag wool, sawdust, or thicknesses of paper. Finish by wrapping round with sacking or cloth.

The following idea is regarded as an infallible protection. A short length of pipe with a tap in it is fitted between the cold and hot pipes as near as possible to the point where the cold water enters the house.

When there is a frost, turn off the cold water, and turn on the connecting tap. Run the cold taps until they run warm, warming the cold pipes in the process. If this is done morning and evening, pipes will not freeze.

Of course, there is just as much danger of a "cold hot-water" supply system freezing up if it is not kept in use. The supply system should be protected, and if the fire does die out, see that none of the pipes is frozen before re-lighting.

THE protection of cisterns is very important. The best method is to encase them in wood, leaving about 2 in. clear all round. A lid should also be made, which can be packed above with the same kind of material as the space between cistern and case. Another useful precaution is to fasten a rubber hot water bottle, filled with very hot water, to the bend of the pipes leading from the cistern. To make a real good job of it, cover the whole with old carpet or sacking.

Now suppose you have been unlucky enough to get a frozen pipe, but not severe enough to crack it. Try thawing it out this way. Heat one or two fire-bricks in an oven and place near or on the frozen pipe. The bricks are easily heated, they injure nothing, and have the advantage of retaining their warmth a long time, exuding it gradually and so promoting a slow thaw.

Winter Flower Show

HOW to give a coveted touch of colour to rooms which are denuded of flowers through the winter—that is the question?

A miniature rock garden is one answer and fascinating to make.

Use a pottery bowl, a large brown earthenware pie-dish, or even a shallow casserole of the same colour in which to construct the garden. First cover the bottom with some coarse sand or fine shingle, then fill it with soft loam to which a little sand has been added.

There are some charming small varieties of flowering cactus which do well in these bowls. A good seedsman will advise as to the most suitable varieties of cactus to grow in an indoor garden. Attractive little ornaments can also be bought to give added colour to the bowl.

When snowdrops, scillas and winter aconites appear thrust the cut stems into the earth in the bowl which should, if possible, have a top covering of damp moss. This way the colourful little flowers will keep their freshness for days.

The Search For Glamour

Jane Gordon

WALKING along Bond Street, minding my own business, and convinced that no shop window would be displaying anything worthy of my money or coupons, I happened to glance at Boots's window. . . . Imagine my astonishment when I saw some boxes of Chanel perfume boldly placed there for all to see. No harm in asking, I thought to myself as I approached the woman at the counter and inquired whether the perfume was actually for sale.

"Oh yes," she said, cheerfully, "we have the small bottles of No. 22 Russian Leather and Gardenia, but only one large bottle left of No. 5."

I tell you this story—not because you will be able to buy any of the perfume now; it was snapped up almost as soon as it was on sale. But the mere fact that it *was* on sale seems to be a good shopping omen for 1947. The same afternoon I found hand-knitted Shetland woollen pullovers for men, in a nice shade of brown, in the Burlington Arcade, for 15s., and the most glamorous undies I have seen since pre-war days at my favourite shop in Piccadilly.

AFTER seven lean years of austerity and utility, 1947 is going to witness a great revival of glamour. You can see it everywhere and it will affect everything that women buy from their undies to their topcoats; from their bath preparations to the choice of face powder. At long last you can find the preparations which you have been wanting to buy for years—in beauty parlours, on cosmetic counters, and at your own chemist.

At my local chemist's, for instance, I found a most heartening selection of face creams, including Matine day cream for greasy skins. This is a really matt foundation cream which will do away with the necessity for re-powdering your nose for hours. The Mousse cream for dry skins enables you to achieve natural make-up. And a complexion balm, which is useful as a weather cream to protect you against strong winds and rough weather. There is also skin food, tissue cream, and a liquefying cleansing cream. All these preparations are Innoxa's and have so far been listed at 3s. 4d. and 5s. 10d. for the make-up creams; 4s. 2d., 5s. and 5s. 10d. for the face creams. It is possible that these prices may have been increased with the new regulations.

THE perfume used by Goya in his new powder is made for glamour, and it is designed specially to harmonize with any first-class scent. You can find this powder in six shades: nature or peach for blonde; rachel or natrine for the pale brunette; and basque or sun-tan for the women who like a darker powder. The small boxes are 2s. 6d., and the larger size 10s. 9d.

There is also an enchanting new toilet water called Aqua Manda. It is an orange-blossom toilet water and used as a friction after the bath, it makes a perfect background for any type of perfume you happen to be using at the time.

If you use a little imagination with toilet water you will find that you need much less expensive perfume. Here are four suggestions:

1. Sprinkle a little toilet water into the last rinse when you have washed your best undies. This removes the smell of soap suds and leaves the undies fresh and faintly perfumed.
2. Toilet water makes an excellent friction after a shampoo. Sprinkle over the damp hair and massage the scalp with the finger tips.
3. For a special party, spray the toilet water over your hair with an atomizer.
4. As an after-bath luxury, we all know that a good friction with toilet water is as stimulating as a cocktail.

IT is funny now to recall the lengths one went during the war to achieve a little glamour. When it was almost impossible to buy face creams, I thought myself lucky to be able to buy two jars of anonymous skin food and was only slightly shocked when I got home to find that it was as rough as sandpaper and its odour was most unpleasant. As a powder foundation I was reduced to a strange white liquid which had the power of causing my make-up to go on like corrugated cardboard.

Now, I can actually buy Helen Rubinstein's hormone creams in the twin sets which I have not seen since 1939. The set costs £2 12s. 6d., plus tax. And Larola, which I used to use as a light powder foundation, is on the market once more, at 2s. 8½d. a bottle.

Women with a man about the house will be glad to find that Optrex is fairly easy to get once more. It seems to me that men like this eye lotion just as much as women, and they seem to have even more need of it than we do. Optrex is the best antidote to eyestrain, which follows on after a long evening of gin rummy or bridge in a smoke-laden room. Be careful that your man keeps to his own eye bath. The best plan is to get one in white and one in blue glass if possible. I have not yet been able to get a bottle with its own eye bath, but if you write to the makers they supply them.

Featherweight In Lace

Materials:
4 oz. of 2-ply Lavenda wool.
1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles.
2 yd. of ¾-in. wide ribbon.
Measurements:
17 ins. from the top of shoulder to lower edge.
17½ ins. underarms.
6 ins. underarm seam of sleeve.
Tension:
16 sts. to 2 ins.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 122 sts. K. into the back of the first row.

1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.—K.

4th row.—* K. 4, k. 2 tog., m. 1; rep. from * to end of row.

5th and 6th rows.—K.

Continue in the following patt.

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, m. 1, k. 4, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, m. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd and every alternate row.—P.

3rd row.—K. 3, * m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 3; rep. from * ending k. 2, instead of k. 3.

5th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.; rep. from * to the last 11 sts., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 3.

7th row.—K. 1, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

9th row.—K. 2, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to end of row.

10th row.—P. (*Continued on page 72*)

Luxurious Angora

Materials:
3½ oz. of Angora Furwul.
1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 8 knitting needles.
Buttons.
Measurements:
From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.
Across the back underarms, 17 ins.
Across the half front underarms, 8 ins. (with edge) underarm of sleeve seam, 17 ins.
Tension:
13 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 70 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Work for 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 90 sts., continue without further shaping until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 66 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 36 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and st.st. Work 1 in. then inc. 1 st. on the next row (of wrong side of work) and every following 6th row at this side edge until 42 sts. Continue without further shaping until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 32 sts. remain. Work without further shaping until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row (right side of work facing). Work for 2 ins. at the same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every front edge row until 22 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the (*Continued on page 72*)

It Has All Been Done Before

Fashion History Repeats Itself In The Clothes Designed For Spring

Left: Peter French makes this evening skirt with an Edwardian touch in moss crepe, with detachable peplum and shoulder piece. The white crepe blouse is dotted with gold. *Right:* The outlines of this Dorville suit in yellow Cordrane has an Edward IV flavouring. Wide-topped sleeves are caught into a tight cuff

Left: An upstanding collar, wide, high lapels and a nipped-in waistline give the Regency touch to this trim black coat. *Right:* Barathea suit in mustard with black velvet collar and cuffs and black cord "frogging." Models by Ian Meredith

New Year

On Health

Now, at the start of the New Year, is the the care of your body, on your obser- routines necessary to present a pleasing of neglect or otherwise, can arise

IF you are young, start the year with a revision of the general hygiene and health rules. Judge honestly whether you obey them or not.

Do you get daily exercise? Do you drink at least six glasses of water a day? Make sure that your bowels function regularly? If you have any weak spots such as chest, eyes or digestion, are you pretending they don't exist, or taking the necessary steps to strengthen them? Do you take regular, large deep breaths of fresh air? Keep fairly good hours, an average of 7½ hours per night each week?

It is possible to stand the racket of neglecting these rules for ten years, even a little more, but the reckoning finally comes and it is then that a neglected body, instead of marching ahead strongly through the years, suddenly collapses into ill-health or nagging discomfort.

If you are older and your body has already stood the wear and tear of years, you will most likely know your weak points, or you may have ideas on the subject which have never had medical confirmation, in which case it would be a wise step to get it without further delay. Alternatively, difficult as it is to give fair judgment on your own body, try to answer these questions fairly.

How is your digestion? If it is not so good, it may be that you drink an excess of tea or coffee, or that you eat meals when you are in a flurried mood. Perhaps your teeth are troublesome enough to hinder perfect mastication. Don't wait for the violent ache, the break or the exposure of a nerve before going to the dentist. A regular periodical visit will save expense and pain. It may save your digestion, too.

Lungs can be sadly ill-used when the activities of youth decline and more time—perhaps too much—is spent indoors. In this case, deep breathing exercises are an essential substitute for exercise out of doors. There is no need for the violent activities of youth, but the body can be kept supple and the muscles active. The alternative is stiffness and the spreading contours of age.

Perhaps you have twinges of rheumatism or acidity. Do you continue to drown your sorrows in tea and acid drinks? A regular dose of some anti-acid salts are helpful, but switch over from time to time to prevent it becoming a habit. Swollen joints, bunions, weather-forecasting aches and pains are signs that all is not well. Water between meals is cleansing to the system. Baths once a day clear the skin of acidity and thus help considerably. Massage of swollen joints is very helpful and oil or an iodex ointment can be used to lubricate the friction of hand on joint.

Stomach disorders are aggravated by fatigue and tea and coffee in excess and of too strong a brew. Yet how many of us cling to these stimulants as though they were worth more than rubies?

How is your circulation? Routine movement may be wearying but may leave some parts of your body quite inactive. Do you ever wriggle your toes and work your fingers quickly? You should.

If you are finding close work a strain on your eyes and yet not doing something about it, you will greatly regret it. Your eyes may at present only give you discomfort and inconvenience, but *now* is the time to take measures which will prevent a rapid deterioration.

Feet can also be long-sufferers. A corn is endured because you just don't get around to having it treated, except in your own way, which is seldom effective. Finally, your corn becomes part of you. Remember that uncomfortable feet put lines in the face, and ruin your deportment, which in turn, believe it or not, can play havoc with your digestion.

Finally, your nerves? Do you worry about things which never eventuate? Are you harrassed by little worries that, in fact, have no foundation? Then it's time to relax, *really* relax, mentally and physically, to take more time for everything, to sleep longer and to give up a few of the things which are overtaxing your sources of energy. Give yourself a break.

GAIL RUSSELL, United Artists star typifies the vital beauty which comes from perfect fitness

Health And Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Reflections

appropriate time to pass judgment on
vation of the rules of health and the
face to the world. From the findings
resolutions of better care in the future

NEGLECT of beauty is self-evident; no need for soul-searching questions, just look in your mirror.

Hair lacking in lustre is lacking in attention of the right sort. Brushing and combing comes first on the list, shampooing comes second. Hair can be shampood every week without damaging it in any way.

Skin is the most frequently neglected—even ill-treated—part of your beauty. So many women complain of dry skin. Why, when skinfood will correct the condition so quickly and so thoroughly?

On Beauty

Dry skin is indicative of a need for regular applications of skinfood. Use it as often as necessary to prevent that flaky appearance. Grease on the surface of the skin is quite ineffective. It should be massaged *in* and the surplus should be removed before you get into bed. Grease your face in the bath. Steam helps absorption.

Oily skins are less common now than they were, because our intake of fats is small, but if you are afflicted with a greasy skin, use an astringent lotion before make-up. The younger woman should try hot water and complexion soap washes two or three times a day. In the case of acne (adolescent variety), increase these washes as much as you like. Acne thrives on grease.

Lines generally become a little more marked each year, but only when your face has lines on it that you could prevent, can you be blamed for neglect. Skinfood helps to keep lines at bay and so does a placidity of the facial muscles. Don't be a poker face, but guard against facial mannerisms. If you cannot be sure why a certain line has developed, ask your nearest and dearest which expression puts it there.

Eyes need eye-baths, occasionally. Eye exercises help considerably, too. Inner cleanliness keeps the whites really clear.

How is your neck, compared with your face? Millions of women treat their faces with creams and lotions, foundation and powder, and forget about their necks. Ninety per cent of women over thirty or thirty-five, have necks more weathered than the face. A resolution to give your neck everything that you give your face, will be a good one. Exercises are also very helpful as they stimulate the circulation.

The danger points of the over thirty-fives are pads of flesh on the stomach, waist and upper arms. Hips and busts seldom get troublesome unless they have always been your nightmare. The stomach reacts more effectively to dieting than any other part of the body, and those little pads of flesh will often disappear if you control your intake of starch and your extra cups of tea. Waists need exercise, and here again diet does help. Upper arms need exercise.

The whole point about diet is that after a certain age you do not need as much food as when you are younger and more energetic. But as you have fewer interests and excitements, food often gains in importance and instead of lessening your diet, you invariably increase it.

Your mirror is the evidence, and you are the judge. Be fair, and if you see signs of neglect everywhere, deal with the most noticeable cases first. Although you can neglect your beauty without in any way endangering your life, neglect will certainly effect your enjoyment of your life. The mere knowledge that you are looking your best lightens your heart.

DRY HAIR

To-day there is probably more dry hair than ever before. There are plenty of reasons for it. Lack of olive oil treatments; lack of fats in our diet; lack of time and energy to give scalp massage at home. Permanent waving does slightly dry the hair shaft, but the main danger arises from neglect of the brushing and massage which perms are apt to discourage.

The treatments are simple.

Firstly, use a good medicated liquid shampoo. After using this and before setting the hair, apply a small amount of special conditioning cream.

Keep the scalp thoroughly cleansed by washing once a week. Dandruff is fatal as the sebaceous glands cannot release the natural oils of the head if they are clogged externally.

Scalp massage is most important. Grasp your scalp in your fingertips and with a kneading movement make the scalp—not the fingers—move.

Salmon Cake

New Year's

Consommé Express

•

Salmon Cake

•

Chicken Mousse

•

Orange Cream

•

CONSOMMÉ EXPRESS

Fry 1 sliced onion in 1 oz. of margarine and add, if available, ½ jar of tomatoes; bring to the boil with 3 pints of meat stock and let simmer for 10 minutes. Pass through a sieve and add 1 grated onion, pepper and salt.

SALMON CAKE

Peel and boil until tender 2 lb. of potatoes; pass them through a sieve. Mash with a wooden spoon, the contents of a tin of salmon; add to the potatoes and mix well with the liquid from the tin, 1 oz. of creamed margarine, salt and pepper to taste. Fill a greased mould and keep in a cold place over night. Turn out and serve with the following :

SALAD QUINTET

Rub round a salad bowl with a clove or garlic; put a cupful of salad cream in

Orange Cream

EXCEPT for very large families, it is an obvious advantage to choose the cheaper cuts for our meat ration and not leave everything to the butcher who will, if he is a wise man, dispose of the prime joints first and to those of his customers who are inexperienced in the art of selecting meat.

The cheaper the cut, the better the cooking needed, but the greater the number of meals obtained—number one consideration these days!

It is interesting to note that meat is cut differently in London and the larger towns to the more old-fashioned style still in vogue in some country districts, but into whatever size or shape the meat is cut, a housewife would be well advised to study a diagram of a side of beef and be able to decide from which part of the beast her joint is cut and in what way it must be cooked to turn it to best advantage.

Let us run through the parts of a carcass of an ox.

Streamline Kettle

BREW your morning tea at the bedside, or keep a boiling kettle on the sideboard, with this kettle which sets a new standard in colourful designing for practical implements.

The kettle is finished in frosted aluminium or black Bakelite, has a high-powered element designed to conserve heat and for fast boiling. The spout in the handle makes pouring easy and prevents any possibility of drips falling upon polished woodtops. The price of the kettle is approximately £3 15s.

Dinner Party

the bowl, mix in 1 cupful of cooked, sliced potatoes, 1 of diced, cooked beetroot, 1 of chopped nuts, 1 of finely-chopped (peeled) apples and 1 of shredded cabbage.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

Remove all the flesh from an uncooked chicken and pass it through the mincer with the liver and kidneys. Add salt, pepper, 2 oz. of creamed margarine, ¼ lb. of chopped ham or corned beef, 1 cupful of cooked macaroni and 3 eggs reconstituted in 1½ cupfuls of milk. Fill a greased mould with the mixture; tie round with a clean cloth and steam for 1 hour. Turn out and serve with a *Sauce Royale* made as follows:

Cover the chicken carcass with water and boil for 1 hour with 1 onion, 1 carrot and a bouquet of herbs. Melt 2 oz. of margarine and fry 2 oz. of chopped mushrooms, stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and add enough of the stock to have a good, thick sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste.

This dish is good served with Brussel sprouts, lightly fried after boiling, mixed with boiled chestnuts and the whole sitting in a ring of fluffy mashed potatoes.

ORANGE CREAM

Take 3 oz. of lump sugar and rub each lump against some orange peelings (2 to 3 oranges are needed). Put the sugar in a saucepan with 1 pint of milk and when the sugar has melted pour the milk over 4 reconstituted eggs previously mixed with 4 oz. of sugar and 1 dessertspoonful of flour. Bring slowly to the boil again and when the mixture thickens remove from the fire and stir in 2 oz. of gelatine melted in a little water. Pour into a damped mould and let set. Turn out and serve with the cream from the top of your milk bottles.

Harriet Muir

FRITTERS

Bring 1 gill of water to the boil with 1 oz. of margarine; when the margarine has melted draw aside from the flame and pour in 2 oz. of flour. Stir well until smooth and let cool a little before beating in 1 reconstituted egg and from 1 to 2 oz. of grated cheese. Drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture into hot fat and fry. Serve hot, with grated cheese.

CHEESE SPREAD

Grate as much cheese as can be spared and work it well with a wooden spoon before blending it with half its quantity of creamed margarine. Add to it, according to taste, a few drops of red wine, condiments and chopped parsley.

Cheese Fritters

CHEESE TARTLETS

Make puff pastry and line tartlet forms with it. Mince 2 oz. of cheese, cream it with 1 oz. of margarine, add 1 teaspoonful of sherry, seasoning, and 1 tablespoonful of chopped, corned beef. Incorporate 1 reconstituted egg. Fill the tartlets and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes.

Cheese Dishes

How To Buy Beef

The primest joints are those which are cut between the rump and the shoulder. These "best-cuts" are the rump, aitch-bone, sirloin, foreribs, middle ribs, and chuck-ribs. After this, the only piece remaining of the upper part of the side is the neck. This is rich and nourishing and should always be chosen for beef tea, meat puddings and the like. This part needs long, gentle cooking to make it tender, and is thus particularly suitable for *Brazilian Stew*, for which the lean meat is cut into pieces, dipped into vinegar and stewed in a covered jar with vegetables but no liquid, as the juices of the meat and vegetables will provide sufficient liquid and the vinegar will soften the fibre or muscle.

We now come to what some people deem the inferior part of the side; the upper part of the leg—called the buttock; the lower part of the hind leg, known as the leg of beef; the corresponding portion of the front leg, or shin; and some pieces found between the lower part of the neck and the buttock and below the roasting parts of the ribs and sirloin — these are generally known as the shoulder piece, brisket, and flank.

NOW for the best methods of dealing with these cheaper cuts—the upper buttock is sometimes roasted, but though excellent when hot, it is rather hard and dry when cold; the lower buttock or silver side, is best when salted and boiled and served hot with the traditional dumplings and sliced carrots! The shin and leg of beef are really not very suitable for eating except as beef tea for invalids or as soup, but those who have time to let such pieces stew from four to six hours will find them equal in nourishment and flavour to the best steak. The shoulder, brisket and flank may be either boiled or stewed, but are probably better when first salted and pickled and afterwards cooked with vegetables and spices till the long process of simmering has rendered the meat really tender. Then, with all the bones and gristle removed, the meat should be placed in a roasting tin, with another tin or board over it and heavy weights on the latter to press the meat, thus making it appear more close-grained and certainly more tender. Should anyone want to roast these parts—a procedure not to be recommended, as the meat is too sinewy to be rendered tender by such means—it is better to gently cook the meat by slow boiling and after draining from it the liquid (which should be used as soup), to flour the joint and brown it in the oven.

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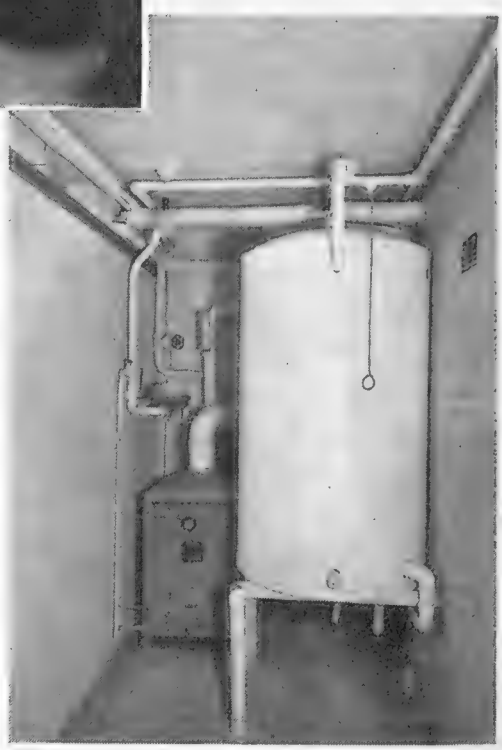

The kitchen in the photograph at the top of the page and the bathroom in the picture above are abundantly supplied with hot water from a gas-heated, thermostatically controlled boiler, shown on the right. A gas jet keeps the water at the required temperature with the minimum of attention. Radiators throughout the house, as well as the kitchen and bathroom, are fed from the storage tank which is treated with a special finish to minimize heat losses.

The kitchen has ivory walls and woodwork with curtains of cream and red check. The bathroom walls and fittings are green. The proofed curtains and stool covering are in deep coral pink.

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Take note of the name: DEL MONTE — the Brand that *puts flavour first.*

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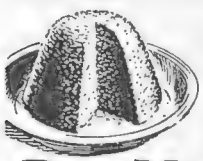
A flavour hint to help whilst you are waiting for DEL MONTE. It's for a steamed pudding. Mix your dry ingredients as usual, but for your mixing liquid use a blend of half milk and half coffee essence. Steam for 1½ hrs. or more according to size. Serve hot with sauce.



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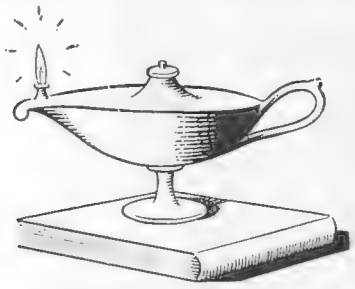

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Regd. Trade Mark
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Ea. A 'Genatosan' Product.

Fountains Abbey (*Continued from page 23*)

'God is my witness that I was coming to you as a father, and had no thoughts of bringing any trouble upon you, but desired to bring peace among you and Christian brotherliness. But now, since you are endeavouring to take away from me what belongs to my authority and office as Bishop, I also will take from you what is necessary to you. Let your church be interdicted!'

"Then one of them . . . cried out: 'Rather let our church be interdicted for a hundred years!' All applauded him and cried furiously: 'Seize them! Seize them!'"

In their frenzy the brethren—now deprived of the right to administer any of the sacraments, or to perform the rites of Christian burial—made forcible efforts to separate the dissentient monks from the Archbishop. It was only after a furious struggle that the latter were able to escape into the Abbey church, whose doors they locked against the shouting mob. How they eventually left the church is not known, but Thurstan took with him those few monks and another "convert" who wished to follow a stricter rule of life, and lodged them for a time in his palace.

Thurstan celebrated Christmas that year at his Ripon house, the thirteen monks being amongst his guests. During the festival Thurstan, "who loved all religion" and particularly, one suspects, those who sought after its simplest expressions, made them a present nicely calculated as a test of their faith. Offered as a future home space for them, it was a plot of land in Skelldale, nearby—a place "thick set with thorns," according to the old chronicler, "lying between the slopes of mountains and among rocks jutting out on both sides; fit rather, it seemed, to be the lair of wild beasts than the home of human beings."

Noëls were being sung all over the country; in hall and cottage log fires blazed away and merry-making and feasting were at their height, when the wise Thurstan led his tonsured friends to this bleak, barren spot. Imagine the scene. Under the open sky the monks hold their first Chapter and elect Richard, late Prior of St. Mary's, as their Abbot. Thurstan approves the choice, gives his blessing, then bids them adieu. Can any church have had a more stark beginning?

Gifts of food come from Thurstan at first, but for shelter the monks erect a rough shed, with turf roof, up against a great elm tree near the River Skell. For water they draw upon the seven springs that feed the river hereabouts, and for a name they put Skell (an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning "springs") into Latin and give to Christendom a new dedication—Sancta Maria de Fontanis, or Fountains.

They survived the first winter, and Bernard of Clairvaux, hearing of their piety and the reason for their secession from the Benedictines, accepted them into the more rigorous Cistercian Order. Geoffrey, an old monk deeply versed in the Cistercian rule, came over to Fountains and soon the English monks were learning from him, not only the "way of spiritual perfection," but the art of chanting, and the craft of building. Three years later the Abbey began to take shape.

Henceforward the story of Fountains is twofold. There is the tale told by its stones—by that glorious nave, and the Chapel of the Nine Altars (which was to inspire similar work at Durham Cathedral); the Cloister and its surrounding buildings, the stone-vaulted Cellarium still intact after eight centuries, and, not least, by Abbot's Bridge which spans the Skell before this swerves sharply to mute its silver cadences beneath the lay brothers' Infirmary and the Cellarium. And then there is the tale of its rise and fall as a monastery—a tale in which the piety and generosity of the Fountains brotherhood, succeeded by the prosperity and worldliness of later days, are seen in graphic fashion against a background that slowly changes from the place "thick set with thorns," to the garden of heaven which it becomes and still remains.

Even with the skilled Geoffrey of Clairvaux to help them, prosperity came all too slowly. Once, famine left the monks with nothing to eat save herbs and the leaves of the sheltering elm which they made into pottage. Into this desperate situation came a beggar demanding food! Rather than turn him away hungry, the Abbot gave him half the monastery's stock of bread—which totalled two loaves and a half—and put the other aside for the carpenters who were even then coming in for their meal. "As for us," said he to his brother monks, "let God provide as he will." No sooner had the beggar gone, than a waggon laden with wheaten loaves drew up at the Abbey gates. It was a well-timed gift from Eustace FitzJohn of Knaresborough Castle.

Soon afterwards, while poverty was still testing the monks' endurance, Hugh, the wealthy Dean of York, decided that for the good of his soul he ought to betake himself and his belongings to Fountains. His decision marked a turning-point in the history of the monastery, for his money set the monks on their feet, and his fine collection of books started the Abbey library. As one-third of his fortune was apportioned for building purposes, the first wooden buildings could now be abandoned gradually, and the Abbey was begun in stone. And right joyously did the brotherhood hew their material from the gritstone outcrops on the site. Hardly had this fashioning of beauty from the "rocks jutting out on both sides" begun, than another wealthy dignitary of York Minster—Canon Serlo—followed Dean Hugh's example. Fountains was now blessed indeed.

During the next few years, while such consummate art and skill were raising the Abbey buildings, events were happening at York which were to imperil all that had been accomplished. Thurstan, the friendly Archbishop, had died, and the appointment of William FitzHerbert as his successor was opposed by many because he was supposed to have bribed his supporters. Abbot Murdac of Fountains led the opposition. When, as a result, the necessary papal confirmation of the appointment was refused, William's friends vented their fury on Fountains Abbey. First they broke into the building and sought the Abbot. Failing to find him they set fire to the place and soon, wrote one of the monks, "the building raised by the sweat of their brows (was) wrapped in flames. . . ." What of the Abbot? He lay before the altar, "seen by no one, hurt by no one, for the hand of the Lord protected him."

An Old Testament sense of justice now creeps into the narrative, for the chronicler records that some of the raiders were soon visited with wasting diseases, others with madness; the rest were either drowned or were victims of some fatal "accident."

In the absence of contemporary records on this point, antiquaries still argue about the extent of damage wrought by the fire. Whether it was much or little, however, Fountains soon recovered. Murdac himself was even elevated to the hotly-contested See of York, but at his death, shortly afterwards, William FitzHerbert—now favoured by the Pope—was given the archbishopric on condition that he made restitution to Fountains. Before his promise to do so could be implemented, he died suddenly.

Never for long were the Abbots of Fountains allowed peaceable conditions in which to carry through their building plans, to minister to the poor at their gates, or to direct the ever-expanding agricultural work which engaged some of the conversi, or lay brothers, in far-removed parts of Yorkshire.

Abbot John of York, for example, encountered difficulties with his namesake, the King. To help finance his miserable French wars, King John "bled" the Cistercian houses mercilessly. Some refused or were unable to meet the royal demands, with the result that many monks were driven from their monasteries. Abbot John, however, "appeased" the King by handing over the sum demanded—twelve hundred marks of silver—at once. Fountains was spared further oppression. Perhaps the King's dream in which the Cistercian Abbots beat him with rods—a dream so vivid that he declared he could feel the blows (*Continued on page 56*)

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HERE is a recipe for "Victory Cake"—a Royal recipe prepared for you with rationing in mind.

Recipe: 8-oz. plain flour; 3 level teasps. Royal Baking Powder; pinch salt; 3-oz. cooking fat; 3-oz. sugar; 2 level tablesps. dried egg; 4 tablesps. warm water; 5 to 6 tablesps. warm milk; few drops almond essence; 4 to 6-oz. mixed fruit.

Method: Grease 6" cake tin. Sift together plain flour, Royal Baking Powder, salt. Cream together cooking fat, sugar, dried egg (dry) and beat in 4 tablesps. warm water. Add essence. Fold in sifted flour with warm milk. Stir in fruit. Bake in moderate oven at 375° (Regulo 4) about 1¼ hours. Remember, present-day flour needs more Royal. Royal Baking Powder makes all baking lighter, yet never leaves a baking powder taste.

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on waking—had something to do with it.

Anyhow, Fountains immediately became a "refuge" for the displaced monks and to accommodate them Abbot John conceived a scheme "great in accordance with the greatness of his mind, to build a new church of Fountains. . . ." The fruition of this scheme is seen, to-day, in the choir extension and in the exquisite Chapel of the Nine Altars. It is an odd thought that the Chapel—so perfect an example of Early English architecture—should have been due, indirectly, to the rapacious King John.

In later years, too, the architecture of Fountains was to express an event of great significance. By the fifteenth century the Abbey had become so affluent and prosperous as to awaken widespread envy. There was personal aggrandisement, too, at Fountains. Did not my Lord Abbot now drive to and fro in a coach drawn by six white horses? Did not he—whose forebears had been happy to eat and drink alongside the humblest novitiate—now reside in a fine mansion?

Marmaduke Huby, who became Abbot in 1494, crowned all this worldliness by doing a thing forbidden in Cistercian houses. He built a magnificent tower, emblazoned in places with his own armorial devices. Despite its architectural splendour, the tower stands to-day as a clear token of the fate that was so soon to overtake the monasteries. Within forty years they were dissolved by order of Henry VIII.

Meanwhile, William Thirsk, Huby's successor, won the reputation of being a thief. Not only did he pocket the proceeds of a sale of timber grown on the Abbey estates; there is a more serious charge concerning a "crosse of gold with stones." One midnight he commanded his chaplain to take the keys of the sacristy from the sleeping sexton and bring forth a richly-jewelled cross—the emblem of faith which had witnessed so many masses, during the more opulent times, in the adjoining church. And there, in the secrecy of the Abbot's room, Thirsk and a goldsmith from Cheapside extracted from the cross a large emerald and a ruby. The transaction was soon complete. Thirsk enriched himself by £20 or more (a great sum in those days), and while it was still dark the goldsmith left the Abbey with both stones and a quantity of plate.

Charged with the theft, Thirsk eventually confessed—and gave place to Marmaduke Bradley who was recommended for the Abbacy because he was "a wealthy fellow" who would pay 600 marks for the honour! Bradley was the last Abbot of Fountains. On November 26, 1539, after enjoying the perquisites and privileges of that now grand office for only three years, he surrendered the monastery to the King.

Four centuries have passed since then, reducing Fountains Abbey to a ruin which is yet enchanting in its beauty. But here the Cistercian ideals, like the essential core of Christianity itself, survived the Dissolution. Inspired by those ideals Commander and Lady Vyner, owners of the estate, recently inaugurated the Fountains Abbey Settlers' Society, which meant that boys from the "distressed areas" were housed in a camp above the Abbey ruins and trained in gardening, farming and forestry. A more ambitious scheme—one that fully echoes the old monastic life at its best—was that, founded in 1934 by the Vyners, at Swarland Hall, Northumberland. Here unemployed folk were given a home and taught a useful craft. To-day Swarland has become a thriving and self-supporting community, centring round such crafts as brick-making and weaving. Thus the romance of Fountains is not merely a thing of long ago. It continues into our day.

END

Women Were Deceivers Ever

(*Continued from page* 12)

"I wouldn't have believed it possible," he said soberly. "They've even got rid of those freckles."

"Covered them up," said Caryl. "Personally I rather like my freckles."

"I like freckles, too," said Colin. "In the right place, you know. Those others were just a bit too much of a good thing."

"Yes," said Caryl meekly. "Don't you think this effect is a little too extravagant, for a working girl?"

She knew very well what she looked like. She had a flowered frock with a little more than enough of the right accent on the curves of her figure. It was very, very fashionable with a froth of a hat perched on a hair-do which was, for Caryl's taste, a little too dashing. The shoes were to match, and where Mrs. Delaney had acquired the nylons Caryl did not know. Altogether the effect was overdone and geared to an income far above that of a secretary.

The session at the photographer's was hectic and then Colin took Caryl to lunch and seemed very pleased with his company.

"They are rushing those photographs for me and we'll see proofs this afternoon," he said over the soup.

"You work very fast," said Caryl with a smile.

"Why not?" asked Colin. "Time doesn't wait. Take a girl like you, for instance, wasting your time as a dowdy frump when the Weatherby's of this world, with nothing except Delecto products to help them, race ahead of you. . . ."

"Where?" asked Caryl disconcertingly.

He seemed to wilt a little.

"Well . . . I mean to say . . . ahead."

"She's not married?"

"Heavens, no! She has a career."

"I don't want a career. I want to marry a man with one. I don't think I'll marry the right one in this . . . this make-up."

"Well . . . no," admitted Colin. "Maybe that's better for . . . but hell, you looked pretty awful before. Didn't any kind person ever tell you you were beautiful?"

"Am I?" asked Caryl.

"I should say you are." Then he stopped, realizing that he had said too much, too fervently.

Caryl smiled at him . . . her nicest smile.

BACK at the office after lunch, Miss Weatherby took one look at Caryl and gasped and then frowned suspiciously. Caryl was carrying her new clothes and make-up with far too much ease to deceive a girl. Then Miss Weatherby gave a calculating look at Colin and winked at Caryl. Mrs. Delaney had winked too in the same way as if to say, as one woman to another, that the male was in the bag.

"The rushes are waiting for you," said Miss Weatherby. "On your desk."

Young Mr. Southam hurried to his desk to open the big envelope while Miss Weatherby took Caryl aside and proceeded to ask for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Then Caryl was called and went into Colin's office. He was looking down at the photographs with disappointment.

"Anything wrong?" she asked tentatively.

"Everything," he said. "Look at this." He passed her the "before" photographs. "The camera cannot lie," he said. "Dammit, even with that dress you wore, it's too good. The camera killed the colour in your face and brought out the features. You look like a thoroughly nice girl 'before'—whereas 'after'—look at these," he pushed over the other photographs, "you look like a . . . like a dressmaker's dummy, and a . . . a painted hussy." He rumpled his hair. "There goes a good idea and a lot of money. All wasted and all your fault."

"My fault?" Caryl herself was surprised by the way the camera had reversed impressions.

Colin was looking gloomily down at the photographs. "You know," he said absent-mindedly, "I don't (*Continued on page* 59)

"Acceleration" interpreted by K. J. Wheeler, especially for the Ford Collection

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really mind freckles. This make-up stuff can be overdone." Then he looked up at her and stared carefully. "Somewhere between these two extremes you've got something . . . but it's no good for my idea . . . I'll have to use Weatherby . . . take the 'after' first and then the 'before' picture afterwards. I must phone and see if they've still got that dress of yours." He relapsed into a state of gloom. "Well, I suppose we'd better get some work done. You can take letters, I suppose."

"Like this?" asked Caryl.

"Why not?"

"I couldn't work, like this. I feel too much like what you said. Do you mind if I remove some of your Delecto products?"

He shrugged. "If you like . . . only for heaven's sake, don't come back here looking like you did before . . . not if you want to keep your job."

Caryl smiled. Young Mr. Southam had everything she liked in a man . . . he was ambitious, full of energy, exciting . . . at the same time manageable and good fun. A girl could be a partner with a man like that. She had her own lipstick and powder in her bag and that was all she needed. When she came back she had removed all of Mrs. Delaney's work except the clothes. She had changed her hair back to her favourite effect and she had applied just enough lipstick to accentuate nature, just enough powder to enhance her own complexion. The effect was simple, natural and, in those clothes, just right.

"All right," said young Mr. Southam without looking up. "Let's get on with the job." Then he looked up and stared without speaking. At last he got up and shut the door of the office and came back to his desk. "I knew something was wrong. Confess."

Caryl confessed with a smile and without any embarrassment. She sensed that Mr. Southam was on the verge of an emotional precipice. He was far too subdued from his natural self for any other explanation.

"So you see," she ended. "It was protective colouring."

"I see," he said. "In case I was . . . well, that kind of a man." Then he turned to her. "You need more than protective colouring. You're the simple type, you need a man to look after you." Caryl kept her eyes on her notebook. "You shouldn't work at all. You . . . dammit . . . I knew there was something wrong all the time . . . or I wouldn't have felt like this." He pushed her notebook away. "Look at me," he ordered. Caryl looked up and met his eyes. "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Caryl nodded and a tremor seemed to run through her. She had not anticipated that he would be as fast in love as he was in business. But he did not give her time to think.

"I don't believe in mixing love and business," he said. Then suddenly he sensed that he had the advantage and he threw off his diffidence and was his dominant self. "It means I'll have to get another secretary——"

"Not a good-looking one," said Caryl quickly.

Colin laughed. "I wouldn't care—now. And as for the other thing . . . we'll have dinner to-night and maybe drive out into the country. . . . That reminds me, I must ask Miss Weatherby if there is a moon."

"There is," said Caryl.

"Good," said young Mr. Southam.

END

Women Were Deceivers Ever

Pistols For Two

(*Continued from page* 19)

having first wrapped a handkerchief round his hand. He snapped it open.

"Pistol number two," he remarked. "One round fired. That's what I don't understand about this case. Where did the old lady's pistol come from?"

The doctor had been bending over the body.

"It could be suicide," he observed, "as Mrs. Acre said, or he could equally well have been shot at point blank range by Mrs. Purepoy or by someone else. It's impossible to say which. Sometimes a suicide's fingers retain their grip on the weapon, sometimes they don't."

"I should plank for suicide," the Chief Constable said, "if it hadn't been for the old lady's story—and the second pistol. And since we are agreed that it is unlikely in the extreme that Mrs. Purepoy could have shot him, then I suppose we must consider other possibilities."

"I know," Chief Inspector Wrek said gloomily. "I'll look for finger-prints, of course. Both on this pistol and on the one Mrs. Purepoy handed over to you, sir. If Mrs. Acre had been to church she would most likely have been wearing gloves. And according to Mrs. Purepoy's statement Captain Acre had been using one of the pistols to scare birds in the cherry orchard. So it would carry his prints in any event."

"Let's consider times," the Chief Constable said. "He was alive when Miles the butler brought him a whisky and soda at eleven-fifteen. I imagine that that was part of the Sunday morning ritual. We shall have to check it up, of course. At five minutes to twelve Mrs. Purepoy left for the station in the car with the knowledge that her son-in-law was dead. It was twelve-twenty when Mrs. Acre's call to my house came through. That would agree with the service having ended somewhere about ten-past twelve. Therefore Hilary Acre shot himself or was shot somewhere between eleven-fifteen and, to stretch times to their limit, eleven fifty-five. Someone must have heard the shot—we must investigate that. If Mrs. Acre really attended matins and stayed to the end of the service, and that should be an easy enough matter to prove, she has an absolutely cast-iron alibi. Does that timing fit in with the condition of the body, doctor?"

The Police Surgeon nodded.

"I'm a chapel man, myself," the Chief Inspector remarked, "but I've no doubt there'll be plenty to say whether the lady was in church or whether she wasn't. I don't like cast-iron alibis. I've seen too many of them broken. But I'll submit, sir, that at present it looks as if the choice lies between suicide and Mrs. Purepoy having shot him. But if it was suicide, what beats me is why the old lady confessed to a murder she can't have committed?"

"What puzzles me is the two pistols," Colonel Stevins said. "Is it possible to suppose that Hilary shot himself and that Mrs. Purepoy then put another bullet into his head? If he wasn't dead when she found him?"

"No," said the Police Surgeon. "As far as I can tell at present he died from one shot in the side of his head. Death must have been instantaneous."

"Right," said the Chief Constable. "Chief Inspector, you'll check up on finger-prints and see the butler and chauffeur? Find out, won't you, if there were two service pistols in the house. I'll see if there's a hole to be picked in Mrs. Acre's alibi. Good god, what's that?"

A sharp explosion had sounded from the cherry orchard beyond the water-garden.

"Automatic scarer," Chief Inspector Wrek explained. "Goes off at intervals to keep the birds away from the cherries. No good trying to find out whether anyone heard the shot that killed the Captain, I'm afraid. I should have remembered that."

"This ruddy case," the Chief Constable observed, "has been made just about as difficult as it could be."

AN hour later the three men met again in the library which Mrs. Acre had placed at their disposal.

"Well, Chief Inspector?" Colonel Stevins said.

"I checked up, sir, with the butler and the chauffeur. Miles—that's the butler—swears that he took the Captain a whisky and soda at eleven-fifteen and that he was alive and well when he left him. Crispin, the chauffeur, says that Mrs. Purepoy left the house sharp at eleven (*Continued on page* 60)

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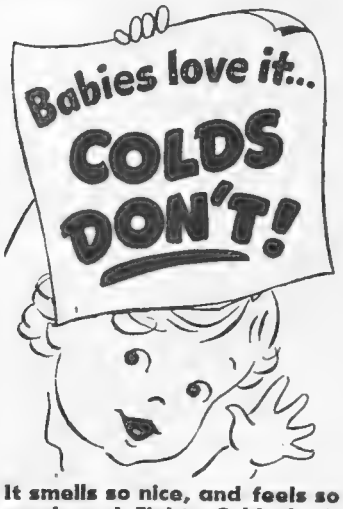

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fifty-five. No one in the household saw the old lady either go to the water-garden or come back from it, but that's not surprising because all the windows of the servants' quarters look out the other way. No one seems to have noticed hearing a shot, but they all agree that with the automatic scarer going all day and all night, they wouldn't have. I've collected one interesting piece of evidence, sir. Last night, the Captain and Mrs. Acre had a slap-up row. They were walking on the terrace after dinner and the housemaid who was turning down a bed in one of the upstairs rooms heard Mrs. Acre say that she would gladly kill the Captain if that was the only way she could keep him away from the boy. She sounded half-crazed with rage, the girl said. And there were two service pistols in the house, sir. One belonged to Captain Acre. He was re-employed for a short time in 1940. The other is Mr. Harry's. And the Captain took both of them down to the orchard last night. After the quarrel, that was. And he left both of them lying on the hall table when he came in. I've tested each for fingerprints. Both have the Captain's all over them. The one Mrs. Purepoy handed to you, sir, has some other prints—most likely the old lady's. So far as I can see, it still lies between suicide or Mrs. Purepoy's story being true, and a lucky thing for Mrs. Acre that she has that alibi to fall back on."

"I'm not so sure that she has," Colonel Stevins said. "I paid a visit to the church and confirmed a suspicion that had been lurking at the back of my mind. I once stayed a week-end here and was taken to matins. The family sits in a pew in the chancel. It's an old-fashioned box affair with a private door leading out of it into the churchyard. You could play a rubber of bridge in it and no one in the church, the rector included, would be any the wiser. By the same count, Mrs. Acre could have gone to church this morning, meeting people in the churchyard in the ordinary way, she could have slipped out during the course of the service, gone straight to the water-garden by the private path—while the service was going on the churchyard would have been deserted—she could have shot her husband, left the pistol lying under his hand, returned to the church, sat out the remainder of the service and come out at the end with the rest of the congregation. Then all she would have had to do would have been to go back to the water-garden, 'discover' the body, and ring me up to announce that he had committed suicide. I don't say that that is what happened, but I suggest that it could have happened that way?"

Chief Inspector Wrek whistled.

"So much for the cast-iron alibi," he remarked. "My word, sir, I believe you've got it. But can you prove that Mrs. Acre did leave the church during the service?"

"I don't know," the Chief Constable said, "but I can have a good try. And I'm beginning to think, only to *think*, mind you, that I see how the old lady and the second pistol fit into the picture. Everything turns on my own private theory about Hilary Acre being a pretty decent chap after all. Chief Inspector, will you be a kind man and ask Mrs. Acre if she would come in here and answer a few more questions?"

LOOKING at Olivia Acre across the library table, Colonel Stevins remembered the Chief Inspector's description of the lady as part ice, part fire, and clever into the bargain.

She was still a very beautiful woman, but the Colonel fancied that he detected fear lurking in her dark eyes.

"I understand," he began, "that your husband took two pistols down to the orchard last night. What happened to them afterwards?"

Mrs. Acre shrugged her shoulders.

"He left them in the hall," she said. "One he obviously took with him this morning to the water-garden."

"And the other?" Colonel Stevins asked.

"I don't know what happened to it," Olivia Acre said. "As a matter of fact I looked for the second pistol . . . after this horrible thing had happened. I can only think that mother found it this morning and

put it away in some safe place. She has a perfect passion for tidiness and she loathes seeing things left lying about. She spends half her time tidying up after the rest of us. It's a nuisance, sometimes, for one can never find anything one wants, and more often than not mother forgets putting things away and where she has put them."

"I see," the Chief Constable said. "You told us, I think, that you went to church this morning? You took a bag with you, I expect, and some gloves? Exactly. Now this is simply a matter of routine—we have to ask these questions. Can you tell me what hymn you sang immediately before the sermon?"

Mrs. Acre's eyes had narrowed, but she looked straight at Colonel Stevins.

"Certainly," she said. "Number two hundred and ninety-eight—'Praise my soul, the King of heaven.' I happen to remember because it is a particular favourite of mine."

"I see," Colonel Stevins said. "I disturbed the rector in the middle of his lunch. Would it surprise you to learn, Mrs. Acre, that although number two hundred and ninety-eight was the number which had been put up on the hymn-board, the rector actually announced that number four, 'New every morning is the love,' would be sung in its place? A last-minute change requested, I understand, by the organist?"

Chief Inspector Wrek sprang to his feet. His expression said "warrant" as clearly as if his lips had framed the fatal word.

"Just wait a moment," the Chief Constable said.

Olivia Acre had stiffened and her lips trembled ever so slightly.

Colonel Stevins went relentlessly on.

"I suggest that last night you quarrelled bitterly with your husband. You threatened then to kill him. This morning you planned to carry that threat into effect, and you had hit on a plan by which his murder would look like suicide. Directly after breakfast you took one of the pistols from the hall and secreted it in your bag which you took with you to church. Shortly before the pre-sermon hymn was announced you slipped out of the church by the private door and went straight to the water-garden. Your plan was to shoot your husband at point-blank range, and then leave the pistol on the grass beside the bench. With all this bird scaring going on, no one would have noticed the shot. You would then have slipped back to church and come out at the end of the service so that you could return to the water-garden and 'discover' the suicide. That was your plan, wasn't it?"

"But you see. . . ." Olivia Acre faltered.

The Colonel held up his hand.

"Something went wrong, didn't it? On your first visit to the water-garden what did you find?"

Mrs. Acre gave a little gasp and hope returned to her eyes.

"He was dead already," she whispered. "He had shot himself. He said last night that he would shoot himself, that he was spoiling all our lives and that he wasn't fit to live. But I didn't believe that he would have the courage. The pistol he had shot himself with was lying on the grass by the bench."

"You took it away?" the Chief Constable demanded.

"I left it lying there. I didn't touch it."

"And when you returned after the end of the service?"

"The pistol had disappeared," Mrs. Acre said.

The Chief Constable nodded.

"I was horribly scared," Mrs. Acre went on. "It meant that someone else had been there. I thought that perhaps someone had seen me leave the church during the service. I lost my head. I knew that Hilary had committed suicide but what proof was there, with the pistol gone? I took the pistol out of my bag, the pistol I had taken with me to church, fired one shot into the bushes, and laid it on the ground where the other one had been."

"The second pistol," the Chief Constable observed. "Shortly after twelve o'clock this morning, Mrs. Acre, your mother, came to my house, confessed (*Continued on page 62*)

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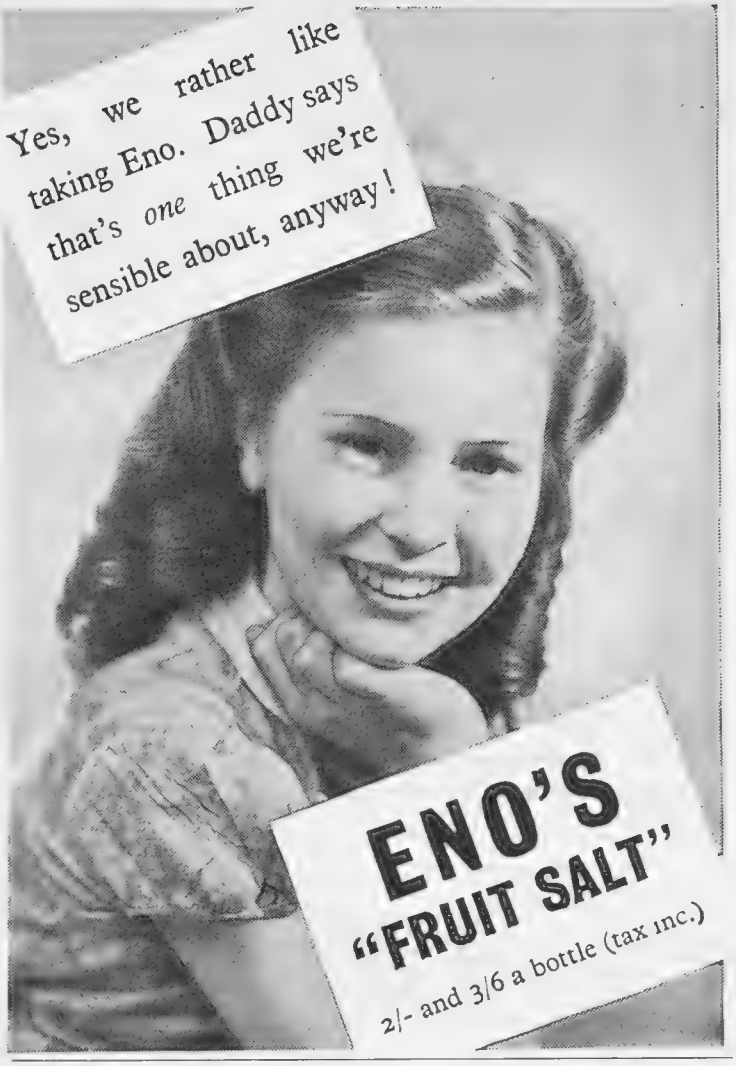
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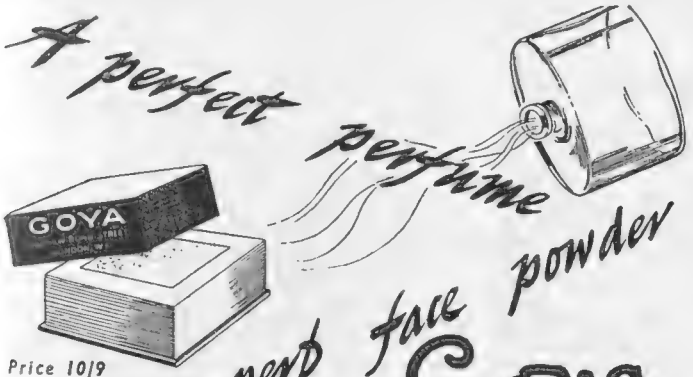

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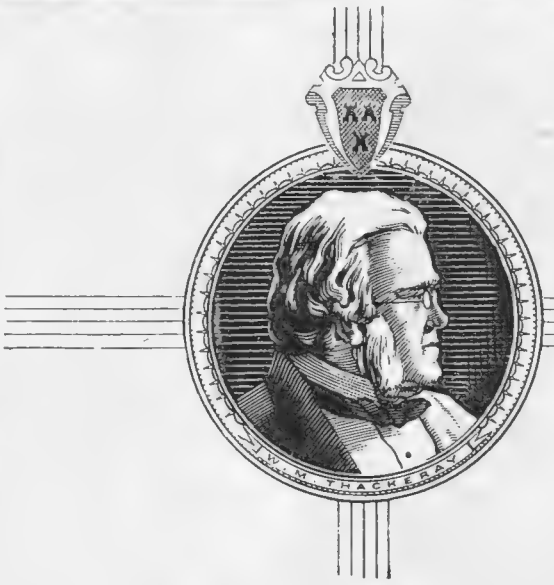

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to having shot your husband, and gave me a pistol."

"Oh, no," Olivia Acre said, "that's quite, quite impossible. Mother wouldn't know how to fire a pistol."

"I agree," Colonel Stevins said. "But how does her confession fit in? I suggest in this way. I know that she went to the water-garden before leaving for London in order to give her son-in-law a piece of her mind, in order, perhaps, to extract a promise from him that he would leave Ridley. More probably, simply to frighten him. I think that, from the top of the steps, she saw you slipping back to the churchyard . . . I suspect that she then went on and found your husband lying dead on the bench. What conclusion could she have reached? Surely only one—that you had just committed a murder. She is very devoted to you. I do not imagine that she reasoned things out very carefully. She decided that she would shoulder the blame, so she picked up the pistol, put it into her bag and came as straight as she could to my house. You agree?"

"Poor darling mother."

"Now," the Chief Constable said, "before you go and fetch Mrs. Purepoy back we have got to prove beyond any shadow of doubt that your husband *did* commit suicide. And I'm afraid that this time you will have to come with us to the water-garden."

"There is no proof," Olivia Acre gasped. "No proof at all."

THEY stood in a cluster, facing the stone bench, from which Hilary Acre's body had now been removed.

"Think," the Chief Constable urged Olivia Acre. "Try and remember exactly how things were when you first found his body. I'll swear that there must be some proof that he took his own life."

Chief Inspector Wrek was searching in the fallen rhododendron leaves which carpeted the ground under the seat.

He straightened himself and held up something that he had found.

It was a fountain-pen with the cap unscrewed. A dribble of green ink had stained its gold nib.

Mrs. Acre nodded.

"That was Hilary's," she said. "He always wrote with green ink."

"So he was writing," Colonel Stevins said, "and he must have put the pen down on the seat and then it rolled off. What was he writing? And what was he writing on? That's the more important question at the moment. I felt that there was something missing. Something still isn't here that ought to be here. Think! For goodness' sake, think!"

"The Sunday paper." Olivia Acre said quietly. "When I came here—the first time—it was lying on the ground. The second time, I just didn't notice it. Do you know, I believe that it must have been taken away."

Chief Inspector Wrek nearly choked.

"Well, I'll be. . . ." he began. "When we had been told that the Captain always brought the paper along with him and all."

"It was here the first time you came," the Colonel began, "and very likely gone when you came back. As far as we know only one person came near the water-garden between your two visits. Wait a bit. . . ."

He went over to the stone vase which stood on the right of the seat, plunged his hand in and shook his head.

Pistols For Two

He repeated the process with the vase on the left of the seat, and this time he extracted a crumpled copy of the *Sunday Times*.

Across the front page was a message, scrawled in green ink.

The Colonel glanced quickly through it. Then he handed the paper to Mrs. Acre.

"Your mother's passion for tidiness," he said lightly. "Lucky I remembered your saying that she hated finding things lying about. And it really would have been awkward if she had forgotten where she had put this particular item."

He was talking, the Chief Inspector fancied, so as to give Mrs. Acre time to read the last message that her husband had left for her before he shot himself. For the Chief Constable had nodded to him and he had correctly interpreted the nod as meaning that this scrawled writing on the newsprint was the proof of suicide for which they had been looking.

For the first time Olivia Acre's reserve crumpled.

Colonel Stevins led her away from the seat

"I was quite right," he said quietly. "Hilary had lost a lot of things, but he hadn't altogether lost his courage."

WHEN Mrs. Acre had been dispatched in the Chief Constable's car to fetch her mother, and the Police Surgeon had gone about his business, Colonel Stevins and Chief Inspector Wrek held a last conference in the library at Ridley.

"Just the kind of case, sir," the Chief Inspector observed, "where the police might have made a blundering mess of things. Suppose we had arrested the old lady—or Mrs. Acre. That was a lucky break, sir, your being able to crack Mrs. Acre's alibi wide open. That's what set us right. Now if that organist hadn't gone and changed his mind. . . ."

Colonel Stevins smiled.

"I had to make an intelligent guess as to what moment in the service she would have chosen to leave the church," he said. "I reckoned on a couple of minutes before the pre-sermon hymn. The school children don't come out until the hymn begins and they would have been clear of the churchyard before she came back from the water-garden. They always run off home pretty quick."

Chief Inspector Wrek grinned.

"Local knowledge, sir," he said. "That's come in useful right through this business. Do you think she really meant to shoot her husband?"

Colonel Stevins looked up.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I think she believed that she would kill him. I think she had worked herself up to the pitch of believing that. And she didn't want to be hung for it. She's got that much-loved boy to look after. But if it had come to the point, I doubt if she would have done it. There was a bit of good left in Hilary Acre. As things were he took the only possible way out, poor chap. But I hope that she never discusses the change of hymn with the rector?"

"Why?" asked the Chief Inspector.

"Because as far as I know they sang the hymn that was up on the hymn-board."

Chief Inspector Wrek's eyebrows went up.

"It was a dodge I once read about in a detective story," the Colonel explained modestly.

END

In The Margin Of Recovery

(*Continued from page* 13)

season. Henry Cotton should be allowed several weeks of Wren rations if he is to be expected to beat Rand-fed Bobbie, and the same goes for our amateur golfers who will have to stand up to the broth of a bhoy from Cork. A Wren's rations, also, for our Wimbledon girls and boys, and at least the special fodder that a zebra gets at the Zoo, for our challengers of the next lot of French horses.

But wasn't it grand to have these events back so soon—after we had been told that a long night had descended upon Europe? Why, the more they came from the ex-occupied countries, the stronger they came. I cannot fathom how Bruce Woodcock manages to polish off continentals on *his* rations, but he'd be wise to fight Americans only in America—where he too can feed off two-inch T-steaks thrice daily.

Woodcock! Matthews! Bradman! How these names refreshed, (*Continued on page* 64)

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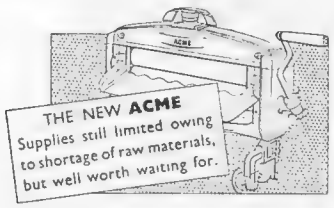

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coming not much more than a year after Hitler, Goebbels and Himmler had headlined on the same pages!

Barely a year after Hiroshima there were leading articles on a subject, without which England is not entirely England. Once again Yorkshire were cricket champions and they had got there, as of old, by a dour insistence.

Then into the first real football season, Pools vying with the Dogs as world topic No. 1. What was the veto, anyway? Who cared for Germany? And the atom bomb—so what? *Would Stanley Matthews turn out?* That was the only question for millions, and hardly had the magic feet recommenced to dazzle, than as many more debated the cruel enigma: *Would the Don play in the Test Matches?*

Turn to another page of the Scrapbook of Convalescence and see how music-lovers were hushed by the prospect of Toscanini not conducting at the Paris Opera or the Albert Hall. I plumped for sport, but it may be that the following—from wintry Vienna—is more applicable all round: "A revival has begun where one would first expect it, in the theatre and in the opera and concerts." There is a lot to support that. When the world's maestro returned in triumph to La Scala, Milan, he restored the first glad chords to Italian life. The Salzburg Festival was a real triumph against counsels of despair—though it was pronounced "Saulsberg" with an accent on the jeep, and Austrian performers gave at the knees while G.I. Joes and their officers fed on turkey and cranberry sauce at the best hotels.

Yes, music hath charms to soothe the socially sick, and Barbirolli proved it with the Viennese Philharmonic, in Vienna, and the globe-trotting Sargent in several latitudes, the while Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* won the operatic prize from Stockholm to New York, and Glyndebourne to Buenos Aires. The musicians are very much in the margin of recovery. Listen. "The idea of music as an international art transcending politics, which suffered rebuffs by the abstentions of Toscanini and Casals, receives reassurance in the arrival in London of the delegates of the twentieth festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music."

The Sadler's Wells Ballet whirling its way from capital to capital likewise served better than the politicians to restore the common pulse, and when the *Comédie Française* came to London, wrote *The Times*: "It is a visit which shares historic significance with the present visit of the Old Vic company to

In The Margin Of Recovery

Paris." Yet the palm goes to the British dancers "with whom the Russians discussed new developments, an interesting commentary on present criticism of the Moscow ballet for being too conventional."

Travel! Only for the few, so far, yet how the very idea refreshed! To-morrow it will be the many making themselves popular in "Strength through Joy" movements abroad, fed by Dalton's pence.

Rome and Munich for the opera; Mürren for the winter sports;
See the relics of crusaders in the grey Dalmatian ports;
Climb the pyramids in Egypt; walk in Versailles' ordered parks;
Sail in gondolas in Venice, feed the pigeons at St. Mark's.

For the present—if it isn't breathing class distinction too blatantly—it was good to read of a Welsh Guardsman as president of the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club until 1948, and entirely fitting that leading articles should have greeted *The Golden Arrow* as the symbolic train curved towards other curves at the Paris Fashion Shows. Paris has tried hard with the Salon and the Motor and Aero Shows, and with Mistinguette announcing her re-marriage, yet the bull's-eye was probably scored by the astonishing Cannes Film Festival, a perfect riot of democratic disorder which should be repeated as an annual Riviera attraction.

"Riviera getting back to normal." That is of course the bunk; yet one must hand it to the French for wishing to wipe out the nightmare by consciously retrieving old occasions, places and traditions—as when they restarted the *pardons* in Brittany. These fiestas of religion, quaint costuming, bagpipe "hops" and hard liquor, used to be a stellar attraction in the eyes of foreign tourists still absent. Again, where would France be without her "thermal stations"? Priority was given to their rehabilitation.

But I'll tell you of something that will hold all France in July, no matter what the political situation may be, and that is the first cyclist *Tour de France* in eight years. This event (which will catch on here) knits the country in ordinary times. After the long ban and its cause, it should be a triumphal progress.

I welcome the Dublin Horse Show! I welcome the Ideal Homes Exhibition! I welcome Oberammergau! And come on, Arturo, you naughty old maestro! Strike up the *Ouverture* to 1947!

END

Birds Of Paradise (*Continued from page 25*)

A female flew down to the male and perched about three feet above him. The male then commenced its display. It pulsed its lustrous, velvety-green breast shield so that sometimes the corners stood up as points on each side of its head. Iridescent shimmers of light flickered across its breast as it kept this flashing green shield pointed towards the female.

Several times the female flew a short distance away but returned at last to perch close to the male who was giving low, eager calls.

"The male then went into the full glory of his horizontal display: suddenly he extended his body horizontally from the sapling, breast upward, the velvety breast shield glistening as though burnished, the yellow cape shot forward under his head, the tail was in line with the body and vibrated rapidly, possibly from the tenseness of the muscular effort required for the position. Otherwise the bird was motionless. He held this position for perhaps thirty seconds. The female hopped down closer to admire the display, and the male abandoned his position and rather deliberately hopped up and mated with her."

In view of the exquisite beauty of the birds of paradise and their various feathery adornments, it is not surprising that they have been in great demand by milliners. In particular, the glorious flowing plumes of the yellow-plumed bird of paradise were highly coveted in Edwardian days. At one time 3,000 full-plumaged skins of the male birds were being imported into Europe every year.

Nearly all these birds were killed by the natives, who were highly skilled in securing them. Some, at least, of the natives regarded the securing of the birds as a religious ceremony. The men who were selected for the expeditions had to submit to various restrictions and were not allowed to eat meat for several days prior to setting out.

The birds thus killed or captured were often embalmed by the natives. Their methods varied, but the best specimens were very life-like and sometimes retained the colours better than when treated by professional taxidermists.

Fortunately to-day the traffic in these beautiful birds is confined almost entirely to scientific and educational purposes. Now that the fierce fighting which took place in the birds' homeland is over and scientific expeditions are once more setting forth, it is to be hoped that further consignments of the birds of paradise may soon once more be shipped to Europe. There is no brighter splash of colour in any zoo than the aviaries where "God's birds," as they were once called, can be seen in all their matchless plumage.

(The photographs illustrating this article come from the New York Zoological Society.)

END

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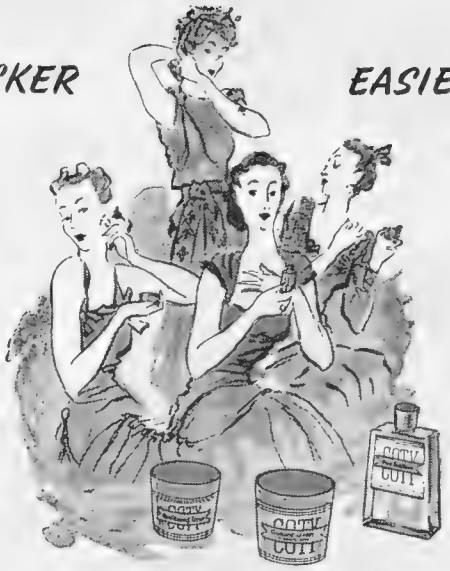

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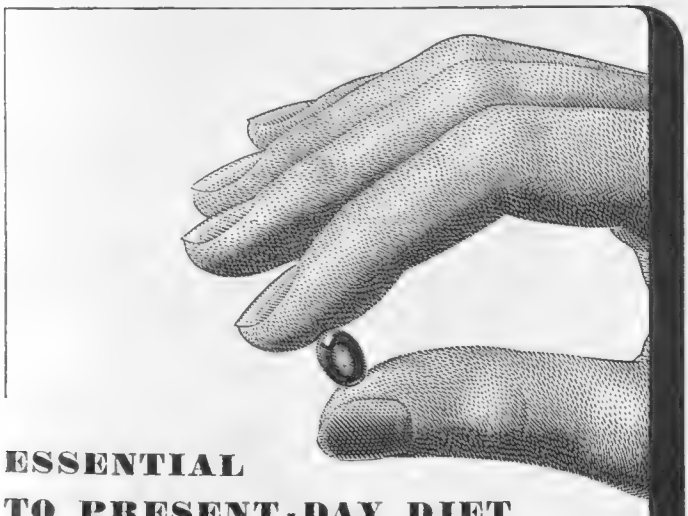

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Churchill—In Somerset

(*Continued from page* 29)

Duchess of Marlborough. As Richard also had a manor at Sandridge, Herts, one may understand when it appears there is no record that either the great soldier, Marlborough, or his wife, actually visited Churchill Court.

Additional evidence is found of Raphe Jenyns in the beautiful brass preserved in the village church. There it is, for all to see, carefully preserved under a mat at the eastern end of the south aisle. Dated 1572, it portrays this sixteenth-century lord of the manor clad in armour, jewelled dagger at waist, sword at side, in attitude of prayer, gazing towards his wife, who wears handsome Elizabethan dress. Over their heads are three coats of arms. So there is the family tree leading to Sarah, wife of the famous John Churchill, afterwards Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

But history has another strange link to tell: the Jennings family sold the Court to a Sir John Churchill in 1652. He was Recorder of Bristol thirty years later, and in 1685, the year of the Battle of Sedgemoor and the Bloody Assize, became Master of the Rolls; high up on the wall of the church, just above the Jenyns brass, is *his* coat of arms, carved in stone. Displayed above it is a piece of Cromwellian armour. This Sir John (grandfather of Marlborough) was a nephew of another John Churchill, of Wotton Glanville, in Dorset. Though Sarah Jennings, the one ancestor of our wartime Prime Minister, was not born at the Court, another ancestor of Mr. Winston Churchill became the owner of the manor house.

So much for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the porch of the church has a story to tell of the fourteenth century. You will be greeted by two battered stone coffins, a knight, legs crossed, and his lady. Here we come to the "probabilities," rather than facts, but they make interesting reading and conjecture. Some antiquarians believe them to be of the Fitzpayne family, who lived in the neighbourhood during the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries; but another line of thought (and the one the writer prefers!) is that they represent one Roger de Churchill and his wife. Now as to Roger: we cannot do better than to see what our war leader himself has to say. In his *Life of Marlborough*, Mr. Churchill mentions Wandril, Lord of Courcelle, whose son accompanied William of Normandy upon his invasion of Saxon England. One of *his* descendants was John, Lord of Currichill (or Cirechile). So the name changed down the years. John's son, Sir Bartholomew, played a leading part in his defence of Bristol Castle, during the war between Stephen and Matilda. So we come to Roger, a grandson of this brave knight of the twelfth century, whom, it is thought, we see sculptured in the south doorway of the village church. From this line of thought we may conclude that the English name Churchill has come in the passing of the centuries from the French "Courcelle."

The village has a lovely situation, set in the Mendips; the great earthworks of Dolbury rise to the south-east. This camp was constructed by the Celts and later adapted by the Romans with stone ramparts inside the earlier earthworks. Ancient local legend speaks of buried treasure in Dolbury Camp, but was not the greatest heritage of the village of Churchill the treasure of the whole British Empire?

END

Call For An Author

(*Continued from page* 32)

"We don't have to stick here, anyway."

But whenever he talked like that, Ankaman lifted his hand. "Now listen, kid. We're making the dough, aren't we? And we keep on living—that's because they know us. If we went some place else and I won like that—I'd be full of holes by midnight. We're all right here—till we're ready to clear out."

Naturally, a good deal of pressure had been put on the Falling Springs depot to recall the young brake expert; the men reckoned his jobs were finished; they knew if he went, Hope of the West might be the happy spot it had once been. But young Evans managed to hang on, somehow.

His recall, when it did come happened right at the start of the big winter snows of 1931. The lines were jammed, and the lonely little town was delighted to have the company of half a thousand passengers out of the Missouri express, snowbound a couple of miles out.

That night, the locals just sat back and watched Job Ankaman go through the pockets of the strangers. Never had the cards fallen sweeter for him. When passengers tried to start trouble, the railwaymen were there, swearing for Job's genius—and his integrity. That night, that record night, young Evans made four different trips between the saloon and the shack he shared with Ankaman.

And the last time he came, Job gave a whoop and yelled that he'd got what he'd aimed at. He turned out every cent he had on him, and the drinks flowed in the old style. Everybody was happy, except some of the strangers who had lost too much, and didn't know they'd been fleeced for such a good cause; with the gloomy result that a battle royal followed between locals and passengers, and it was two days before the hero of the day recovered consciousness from the hiding he took outside the saloon.

AT last the seaman called Krauss turned his head from his scrutiny of the passing coble, and waited, then said:

"OK. Where's the dirt come in?"

Ritsema drew a long breath. "Well," he replied, "maybe you know what those three plays did—Hollywood bought them—they went to London—all over the place. He must be worth half a million, this guy."

"He still likes his liquor—but come on: what've you got on him, brother?"

"On who?"

"On this Job Ankaman—Russell Calaman."

"Yes, he always reckoned he'd change his name. Job was no good for a playwright."

"Well, what've you got on Ankaman, then?"

Ritsema paused, lit another cigarette, smiling, and enjoyed the suspense. When he spoke, it was clearly, softly and smoothly.

"Just this. Your drunken boss, Calaman, is not Job Ankaman at all. It's young Evans."

The seaman stared.

"Come again."

"That last night, young Evans cleared out, money, plays, everything—vanished. And so did Job's banking account."

"What about Ankaman then?"

"Oh, I reckon young Evans was pretty sure what would happen to him. He just went to bits. He hardly tried to trace Evans. Whisky nearly finished him off, and he got in a bad fight a year later, and died in a hospital somewhere."

The seaman whistled.

"What a story. Russell Calaman. . . . How do you know all this, anyway, brother?"

"I had six months in the depot there myself," Ritsema explained, "but I guess I'm the only one that happened to see one of those plays—in Chicago, that was—and it was *just exactly* what Ankaman used to tell us about in the saloon. But it took me a long time to find out about the other two—to make sure they were really Ankaman's plays."

"I'd sure like to be there when you talk things over with him."

"Oh, he knows about me." Ritsema grinned. "I've (*Continued on page* 69)

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never actually met him, but I've written him a letter or two."

"Got anything out of him?"

"A bit, now and then," he replied, modestly. "But I'd love to talk to the guy."

"Where do I come in then?"

"Well, I figure he might turn awkward, because I'm thinking it's a mighty big secret I'm keeping for him, so he ought to pay—plenty. And I figure—if there's any unpleasantness—it might be nice to have somebody on my side. Say for a ten per cent cut?"

The seaman considered. He squinted as he thought, half watching the fishing coble and its inquisitive crew as they finally moved past out of sight, leaving the sea empty at last.

"Maybe," he said at last. "But what if other guys are on to the same game—maybe you're not the only one from the Hope of the West that's spotted the plays. . . ."

"Not a chance," Ritsema answered, comfortably. "They made movies of all three of them, but the way they changed them, nobody would know. Anyway, the sort of guys out there in those days aren't the sort to waste their time at the movies. No, I reckon I'm about the only one. It's taken me a mighty long time to catch up with him, but it's going to be worth it—in a few minutes."

"He doesn't know you're coming?"

Ritsema laughed shortly, a grim amusement. "If he'd known I was going to call on him, he'd have had a gun ready; or a lot of strong-arm men to look after me. That's why I waited for the crew to come off."

The seaman was still looking round. The sea was devoid of any trace of human beings.

"Well," said Ritsema, "what say we go down and talk to him? You're on to the ten per cent?"

"I certainly am, brother. I reckon this is the best spot I ever found myself in." He regarded Ritsema levelly. "You wouldn't have any pals ashore there, waiting for you, to make trouble about my cut in the dough?"

"Now, now," Ritsema grinned, "would *you* have pals in a little game like this. I'm letting you in because I might need your help—that's all. Come on, let's talk to him!"

"Just a minute now. I haven't heard him down there for a while. He's a queer guy—just moves about where he likes—never know where you have him—sometimes he goes mooching round in old rags—look—like these—" and the man fingered his own shirt—"oh, he's a great one for surprises!"

But Ritsema's mind was on money. Again he urged the seaman to lead him below decks to see Calaman; and it was that first step of his, off the rail, that the seaman was waiting for.

"You're seeing him now!" he grunted as he went for Ritsema's waist. There was a lunge, a jerk, a wild shout, and then the blackmailer was tumbling crazily over the rails. The crash into the sea came almost at once, into the lonely silent sea where there were no witnesses now, and no row-boat near.

Calaman stepped farther back from the rail, waiting, wiping his sweating hands on his shirt, staring landwards again to make sure that the coble which had held him up so long was now safely out of sight of the murder.

Then, quite soon, when the commotion overboard had ceased, Calaman went below. He had several drinks, quickly. But he felt steady enough.

It had been a perfect conclusion to a long, dirty and dangerous business; and in this pleasant state of mind he remained for a full hour, until a pair of hard-faced Englishmen in plain-clothes called, for an explanation; and it appeared that the fisherman with them had hired the row-boat to Ritsema and had come out to see about its return—and had seen something else.

END

Call For An Author

Is The Big Ship Doomed?

(*Continued from page* 16)

were subscribed. And then. . . . And then the still mythical blue riband began claiming its due, began taking toll, for speed can kill ships and companies as it kills men. On the North Atlantic between 1856 and 1873 thirty-five steamships—twenty-nine of them British—met with disaster; six left port and were never heard of again; three were burnt to the waterline, one collided violently with an iceberg. In many a doomed would-be record-maker her stokers fed the fires, with water rising above the plates, splashing about their feet in a coal-dust-blackened flood . . . with the propulsion gear thumping away at the sullen seas . . . until another grim battle was lost.

Two thousand, one hundred and ten lives were lost. To speed.

Despite it all, the race for the non-existent trophy went forward, strangling another company in 1891, yet another in 1892. They could not stand the strain. They threw up the sponge in despair. But the race went on! Costs were not to be considered; in Washington a senator exclaimed: "America *must* have speed. Extraordinary speed . . . against which *they*—" and he jerked his thumb derisively in the general direction of Liverpool, "—cannot hope to compete!"

Between Liverpool and New York, Queenstown and Sandy Hook, Southampton-Cherbourg and the Ambrose Lightship the battle swayed in favour of one, then another competitor, with White Star and Cunard, between the years 1876 and 1909, winning the coveted record nineteen times out of twenty-eight attempts on the westbound passage, nine times out of sixteen on the eastbound voyage. Then, in 1935, fresh impetus was given when Harold K. Hales, M.P. for Hanley, presented: "A substantial and ornate piece of silver, heavily gilt, weighing between 400 and 500 ounces, and standing about 4 feet high on a heavy onyx plinth." The Blue Riband Trophy thus became something very tangible; its design was the outcome of collaboration between Hales, Henry Pidduck & Sons, silversmiths, and a young Sheffield artist, Charles Holliday. And it symbolized Speed. The trophy showed representations of the *Great Western*, first steamship to cross the North Atlantic in 1838, *Mauretania*, which held the record for the longest period of time, the liner *Rex*, next holder of the honour, and *Normandie*, the last official holder. But speed was the key-note over all.

The years have slipped past; the "Western Ocean" race, happily, has known decreasing losses almost to vanishing point, and no period can now ever parallel that tragic spell between 1856–1873 when thirty-five fine ships went to their doom in " . . . this contest . . . for supremacy in ocean steam navigation. . . ." The advent of radio on the North Atlantic, and of the International Ice Patrol have largely—sometimes spectacularly—minimized the risk of danger. But the vital question remains unanswered: "Is the cost of the extra knot worth while: is the big ship doomed?"

Without going into mathematical niceties about the effect of wave-formation on resistance to motion, here is the rough set-up of mechanical and human exertion conscripted in this speed race: by developing 22,000 horse-power, a modern liner steams at 21 knots; step-up her speed to 22 knots, and your engineer—with his "contraptions"—must needs develop 25,000 horse-power. Note the difference: 3,000 additional horse-power to achieve one extra knot!

For 23 knots he will demand 30,000 horse-power of his engines; 24 knots, 40,000; 25, 52,000; 26, 68,000. And at 33 knots that same engineer (*Continued on page* 70)

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will need his engines to develop double the horse-power required for his ship to travel at 30 knots! With running costs, meantime, soaring to absurd heights for that trifling increase in speed. . . .

The captain of a well-known passenger liner told the writer: "The whole thing boils down to the question of that extra knot; fuel—be it coal or oil—comes foremost into the reckoning. To protect his own pocket, every man, no matter what trade he is engaged in, strives always to make certain that as little as possible of his energy is wasted. That being so, it's merely a waste of oil or coal to *try* to save those few hours in the crossing."

At the launch of the *Queen Mary* experts claimed that she would sail for twenty-five years; if her owners, they said, maintained an annual allocation out of earnings of about £1,000,000 in respect of older ships and the *Queen Mary*, balance sheet figures for these ships would be reduced to scrap value when the *Queen Mary* was twenty-five and the other ships twenty years old. But such a claim proves nothing; allowing for national pride, the *Queen Mary* is merely the natural successor to the 1,154-ton *Britannia*, first Cunarder to seize the record precisely 106 years ago. Just that. But no more.

Immediately before 1939, American ship-designers planned 100,000-ton mammoths, capable of 35 knots, to cross the North Atlantic in less than three days. But America has since suffered two very bad headaches with big ships; first, the liner *America*, now back in the race, refitted at a cost of nearly £2,000,000, yet claimed by *American* experts

Is The Big Ship Doomed?

to-day to be nothing but "another, white elephant." Second, the 82,799-ton, 160,000 horse-power *Normandie*, one-time pride of France, titular holder of the Trophy. Built at a cost of about £15,000,000 she set up her record of 34½ statute miles an hour and won the Blue Riband. Even then she lost money. And this super-turbo-electric giant was finally sold three months ago for approximately £42,000. As scrap. . . .

From the old sail-maker's loft in 1938 the writer crossed the river to cover the story of the launch of the new *Mauretania*. And the late Lord Lloyd made this personal comment: "Because there are so many yards of bunting flying here to-day, people seem to think all is well with our ocean-going services But I wish to God there were a thousand more *smaller* ships in her place."

Cunard-White Star, owners of the two "Queens," are to build no more 85,000-ton super-liners. Nor, does it seem, do they intend wasting oil and money trying to set up new speed records. Wisdom, indeed! Progress made the big ship inevitable. Competition quickened her growth. She grew bigger as the world grew smaller. But the day of the big ship *is* doomed! In her place Britain, at least, must have a vast fleet of modern freighters. Unspectacular little ships. For the cost of transport by ship of goods from overseas can thus be cheapened. And cheap transport is the ***real key*** to world recovery and prosperity.

END

Guilds Of The Middle Ages

(*Continued from page* 20)

of their rights against the masters. This was the beginning of a conflict between the master artisans and workmen which culminated in the eighteenth century fading-out of all the guilds, a collapse of the system, a loss of their control over industry. With the advent of factory life, the cleft between capital and labour, something new in the way of associative bodies would have to be evolved. Something *was*.

Another term for guild (or "gild," as it was formerly written) was that of company or "mistery." The word "company," once synonymous with "gild" and nothing else, has lost its original meaning, i.e. that of taking ceremonial meals together. Survivals of these companies linger with us to-day (in an altered form and with a different application) only in the City of London Livery Companies, whose organization still reflects something of the guild structure, although their functions have changed.

To sum up, the guilds—*merchant*, *craft*, *journeyman*, and *apprentice*—were not only a form of trade union in to-day's meaning of the phrase, but also a system of industrial self-government, based on the general welfare, moral and physical, of its members.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 43)

for a yarn of London night life packed with quick-fire drama.

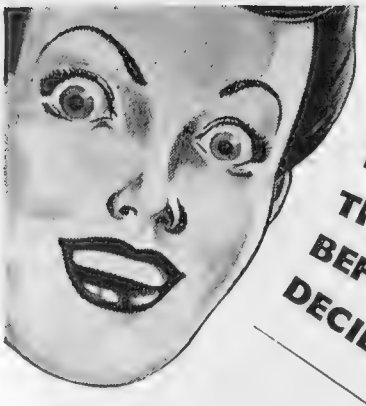
SELDOM have I met a more audacious novel situation than that in Miss Elizabeth Myers' "Mrs. Christopher" (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.), a merry, mellow, devout dame of sixty-five who calmly shoots a blackmailer dead then reports the deed, matter-of-factly, to her son, assistant-commissioner at Scotland Yard. Will the loyalty of the three victims she has freed withstand the temptation of £500 reward for information leading to the murderer's arrest? That is the problem which makes the book a modern morality as well as a symbolic study in character and motive. Its fantastic theme and style fascinated me. Miss Myers gives such life to words that they flash like jewels. She fulfils the great promise of "A Well Full of Leaves."

PASS the iodine again, please. Mr. Dyson Carter's first novel, "Night of Flame" (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.) is also about a hospital and the kind of people who say "Jamieson showed us a disorganized area near Broca's convolution," and purr happily about a "right facial palsy." But don't be alarmed. There's an absorbing story of a young doctor, his work and love, and how his destiny and that of others is melted and re-shaped when the hospital goes up in flames. I like Mr. Carter's medicos and nurses; they are tough and real, not too Nightingale to enjoy the sweets and drinks of life and loving. Anyone who has been to a hospital staff dance will know what I mean.

DELICATE family relationships are the concern of Miss Monica Dickens in "The Happy Prisoner" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) which unveils the privacies of a country house peopled by a legless, bedridden ex-major, his too doting mother—"one of those people who would die at the sink sooner than leave the plates till to-morrow"—two contrasting sisters, and an aloofly considerate nurse with whom he falls in love. A novel of character in which women will find those subtle feminine touches which men are supposed to lack—not that they care much, being men, anyway. . . .

For compensating masculine touches I recommend Mr. Barry Sullivan's "Fibre" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), the story of a young pilot in the North African Desert who has to fight down that humiliating bugbear L.M.F.—"Lack of moral fibre"—a technical nicety which means being grounded. Recently we reviewed a comparable study of air-fear, Mr. Heaton-Chapel's "The Land is Bright": it was also a theme in Mr. Rattigan's "Flare Path." Here its dramatic possibilities are used with sure effect by an R.A.F. author who knows his background and certainly shows, for a beginner, no L.M.F. in tackling his story.

OUR affection grows for that astute amateur sleuth, Mrs. Bradley, who is at it again, filling in (*Continued on page* 72)



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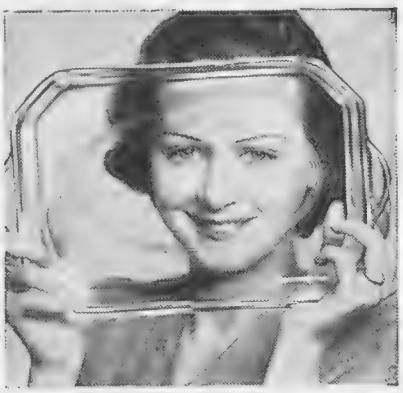

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the gaps for the inspector, in a double murder—one headless—Miss Gladys Mitchell's "Here Comes a Chopper" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.). For a mystery thriller it has blithe asides—for example, about the girl who "had been thought a soul-mate before and knew what it led to." Miss Mitchell makes her grisly murders so gay. . . .

IF you believe that some women, through no fault of their own, are fated to be dogged by tragedy you will be deeply interested in the story of Henriette Stein, daughter of a Jewish professor in Vienna, in Mr. Ernst Lothar's "The Angel with the Trumpet" (Harrap, 10s. 6d.). As a girl she was in love with Crown Prince Rudolf, and therefore implicated in the Mayerling hunting lodge suicide scandal, which occurred on her wedding day. She was blackmailed, on account of her mother's past, by an unscrupulous journalist. Her son Hermann was shot as one of Dolfuss's murderers. She met her death at the hands of the Gestapo, who also dispossessed her other son in "Aryanizing" the family business. This serious, spacious, painstaking novel covers half a century of turbulent Viennese life.

Here is a list of books which will pay the attention of readers:—

"Roger Sudden," An historical novel by Thomas H. Raddall (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.); "Seven to Die," by Harmon Long (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); "The Bright Company," by Kathlyn Rhodes (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "Creeping Jenny," by Norah Kent (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "The Striped Suitcase," by Carol Carnac (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "The Stormy Dawn," by Mark Freshfield (Faber, 7s. 6d.); "Family Honeymoon," by Homer Croy (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); "A Lovely Corpse," by Martin Cumberland (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); "So Built We," by Eileen Marsh (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); "They Who Look Back," by Bernard L. Calmus (Mortimer Publications, 8s. 6d.); "Bride—Maybe," by Sheila Burns (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); "The Lonely Caravan," by Marjorie Vernon (John Long, 9s. 6d.).

Featherweight In Lace (*Continued from page 46*)

These ten rows form pattern. Continue until 7 ins. from the cast on edge (ending on the last row of pattern). Cast off.

YOKE (for ribbon)

Cast on 27 sts. Work in moss st.

(**1st row.**—* K. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.) Work 4 rows; make slots for ribbon. Moss st. 3, cast off 8, moss st. 5, cast off 8, moss st. 3.

Next row.—Moss st. 3, cast on 8, moss st. 5, cast on 8, moss st. 3.

Continue in this way making slots every 7th row. Making 20 slots in all. Work 4 rows moss st. after last slots. Cast off.

Cast on 122 sts. and work in main lace patt. Work for 1 in.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 98 sts. remain. Work for 1½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 26 sts., cast off 46 sts., work 26 sts. (Place the first set of 26 sts. on a spare needle.) Work on the last 26 sts. until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 26 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the last set of 26 sts.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until armhole shaping is complete. Continue on the 98 sts. until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 86 sts. Work in moss st. for 1 in. Change to main patt. Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 94 sts. and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK EDGING (moss st.).—**BACK.**

With No. 12 needles pick up and k. 47 sts. across the back of neck. Work 4 rows moss st. Cast off.

FRONT

Pick up and k. 45 sts. across the front of neck, work 4 rows moss st., dec. 1 st. each end of the 4 rows. Cast off.

Pick up and k. 41 sts. down left side of neck (starting at the shoulder). Work 4 rows moss st., dec. 1 st. every neck-edge row. Cast off.

Work right side of neck to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew the lower front part of blouse to the edge of "Yoke," then sew the top of front to the top of "Yoke." Sew the back lower and top parts to back "Yoke" in the same way. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew the corners of each side of moss st. edging at the neck. Press well on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Press all seams. Thread ribbon through the slots and join ribbon on the inside of blouse. Run in cord or elastic in the hole at the lower edge of blouse.

Luxurious Angora (*Continued from page 46*)

next 2 armhole end rows, then 6 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front with shapings at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 46 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and st.st. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 70 sts. Continue without further shaping until sleeve measures 18½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 10 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows. Make buttonholes: rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3. Next row: rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3. Make 7 more buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Rib 2 rows after last buttonhole. Cast off. Make another strip omitting buttonholes.

NECK BAND

With No. 10 needles cast on 118 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 4 rows. Make buttonhole. Rib 3, cast off 4, rib to end of row. Next row: rib back to the cast-off 4 sts., cast on 4 sts. Rib 3. Rib 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew up shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttonhole front strip to right-hand front. Sew on left-hand strip. Sew on neck band (starting with the buttonhole end on right-hand front). Press all seams lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; beg. = beginning; tog. = together; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; sl. = slip; m. = make; patt. = pattern; st.st. = stocking stitch.

END

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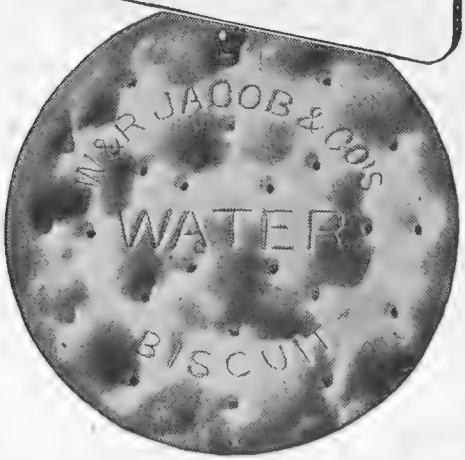

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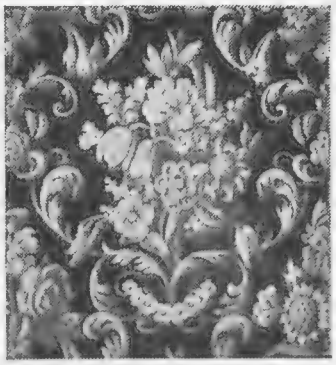

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for your Children's
party

Children are delighted with a simple dish if it has been decorated and garnished to make it look pretty. Here are some hints on giving food that party-dress look, and some recipes that are easy to make, easy on the rations and popular with children.

Pretty to look at

✦ The sparkle of JELLIES enchants children, and if you have not enough points to spare for more than one jelly you can make it go a long way by using it chopped, to decorate trifles, moulds, custards in individual glasses.

✦ Serve individual FRUIT SALADS in orange-skin halves; pink the edges with sharp scissors for an extra touch of decoration.

✦ SMALL CAKES can be iced (icing recipe given on right).

✦ SANDWICHES look more festive cut into rounds with a sharp pastry cutter, or into small fingers or triangles. The left-over pieces can afterwards be used in cooking.

✦ Plain BISCUITS can also be iced.

✦ A bowl of NUTS AND FRUIT looks better if you paint unshelled nuts with gold or silver paint.

✦ SOFT SWEETS, such as jelly pastilles and turkish delight, make good decorations for iced cakes, trifles, fruit salads.

Milk Jelly Whip

(USING PACKET JELLY). *A 1-pint packet of jelly crystals. Colouring if desired; ¼ pint evaporated milk.*
Dissolve the jelly, following the directions given on the packet, but making it up to ¾ pint instead of 1 pint. Leave to cool and when just beginning to set, stir in the evaporated milk and colouring if used, whisk till light and frothy. Serve cold in a bowl or in individual glasses.

Milk Icing

4 level dessertspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 6 level tablespoons household milk, dry. Colouring and flavouring to taste.
Heat the sugar and water gently until the sugar has all dissolved. Pour on to the household milk gradually, stirring all the time. Add colouring and flavouring as liked. For chocolate icing use 5 level tablespoons household milk to 1 level tablespoon cocoa.

Crumb Fudge

2 level tablespoons syrup, 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. cocoa, few drops vanilla, peppermint or orange essence, 6 oz. dried crumbs.
Heat the syrup, margarine, sugar and cocoa gently until all is melted. Stir in the required flavouring and then the bread-crumbs. Mix thoroughly and turn into a well-greased 7-in. sandwich tin; spread evenly and mark lightly into fingers or squares. Leave for 24 hours and then use as a cake or as sweets. This fudge improves with keeping for a day or two.

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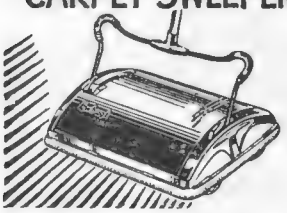

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Talking Of Elephants

(*Continued from page 28*)

entrance too small for an elephant. Mr. Macintosh bolted through like a rabbit. Bella shrugged her shoulders and shambled back to her mounting-block. Mr. Levy and myself descended from the tree in which we had taken refuge, and as we did so the largest and angriest keeper I have ever seen appeared upon the scene. He shook his fist at Mr. Macintosh and bellowed :—

"It sairves ye right ye ould blockhead. Don' come here again playin' tricks on the animals. Elephants have memories, ye know. Sure I saw ye meself yesterday evenin' about six when ye gave her that bun stuffed wid mustard, only I wasn't near enough to——"

"*Yesterday!*" gasped Mr. Macintosh. "Mon, ah'll swear ah haven't bin in this zoo for forrty years!"

"Swear ye grandmother! Sure didn't I see ye wid me own eyes? I saw yer clothes anyway. Ye went whistlin' up to Bella, puffin' yer ould cigar an' wavin' the bun on yer ould stick an' it oozin' mustard like a bomb. . . . Isn't Bella herself me widness?"

I looked round for another possible witness, but Mr. Levy had left the party.

END

Sunshine and Snow

(*Continued from page 40*)

Social life goes with a swing at the winter sports resorts with concerts, cinemas, dances and moonlight excursions in the snow. Evening dress is not essential except in one or two of the most fashionable hotels.

Switzerland has prepared a big programme of international sporting events this winter, all thrilling spectacles. There is the British Ladies' Ski Championship at Wengen on January 3; the International Figure-Skating Contest, Davos, January 31; the World Championship for Bobsleighs, St. Moritz, February 7 and 8; the International Ski-Jumping Contest from the Olympia Leap, St. Moritz, February 9; the famous Parsenn Derby Ski Race, Davos, February 23; and several important ice-hockey matches.

A point to remember is not to overload yourself with clothes for ski outings. The Swiss sunshine is *hot* and you will be working hard. Take plenty of thick socks for extra comfort in heavy boots.

If you intend to fly and avoid the tedium of a long trek across France, there is a daily service from London to Zurich. The return fare is £27. By train, the return fare to Zurich is approximately £18 first class or £13 10s. second class. Sleeping cars are attached to the Calais-Basle train as well as a restaurant car.

A winter holiday in Switzerland is an experience one never forgets. Once in a lifetime, at least, everyone should experience the thrill of ski-ing on feathery snow.

Pictures of Muhammed

IN a recent issue of *Britannia and Eve*, in the series of "Old Tales Re-Told," we published drawings and an article by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., dealing with the life of the Prophet Muhammed.

This, we now learn with regret, has given great offence in Muslim circles, particularly here and in India. It has been pointed out that any representation of the Holy Prophet —either in drawing or painting—is indeed a heinous offence in Muslim eyes.

Needless to say, it was not the intention of the Editor to give offence in any way to our many Muslim friends, and he wishes to take this opportunity of thanking various readers who have written on this subject for impressing on him the Muslim point of view.

A CORRECTION

In the December issue of this magazine, the price of Helena Rubinstein's Eau de Cologne No. 31 and her Flowered Petal Eau de Cologne were, through a misunderstanding, quoted at 3/6, whereas in fact, the price of these products is 17/6.

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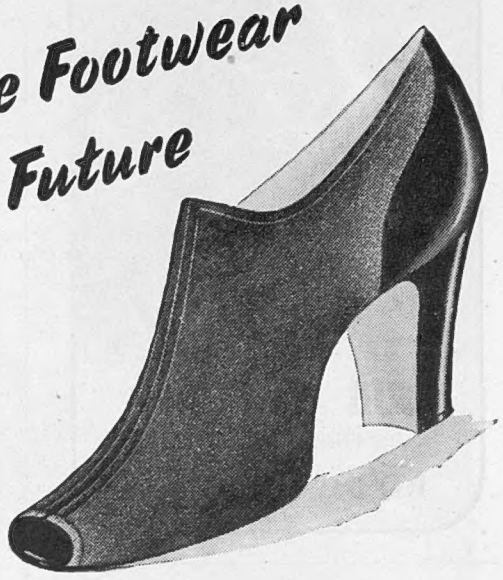

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If Atomic War Arrives

(*Continued from page* 15)

than the armoured and castled knight confronted by musket and cannon. Two top generals I talked to lately said frankly that they were going on with their work without worrying about atomic war. One said: "One has to; otherwise nothing that we do makes sense." And the other: "After all, it may not come to atomic weapons. Poison gas could have been used in the last war. But it wasn't."

The time factor has them all scratching their heads. The second World War was a war of blitzes and lightning strokes. But by comparison with the war which opens—and maybe closes—with mass rocket bombardment, it was astoundingly leisurely. Britain had first nine months, and then three years, to scrap obsolete men and methods and produce and supply an entirely new war machine. In an atomic rocket war she won't have nine minutes.

This means that she will have to ready herself at least as realistically and thoroughly as the potential enemy—in the last two wars that was Germany. London could "take it" from T.N.T., but could not have taken it from the mass bombardment she would have been subjected to if Hitler had been less impatient, and had waited, leaving Chamberlain and Daladier in complacent power, and Britain and France building an obsolete war machine, while his scientists and engineers secretly perfected the rocket, and he had accumulated stocks adequate for a long non-stop bombardment. If he'd gone the whole way, and put money and priorities behind the 1939 discovery by a German nuclear physicist of how to split the atom, he might have equipped his rockets with atomic warheads before his intended victims had got started along the research line which led to the atomic bomb.

THE expert calculation is that it would take twelve of those, Hiroshima size, to wreck London, ten to pulverize New York. As, following an atomic bombardment, people can't come out of brick shelters or crawl from under the ruins of their dwellings, and work on, the only thing to do is to stock up with missiles and warheads and all essential supplies before war, and reckon on a blackout of production once the shooting starts. Unless such immense plants as are needed for the manufacture of atomic explosive can be put underground.

The Germans put some fairly big factories underground. And in the last war phase we joined the troglodyte movement. Geologists and engineers made a survey of caverns and old mines which could be adapted for underground factories, control rooms, and stores; and a number of new excavations were made, mostly in chalk areas. In one typical job 25,000 tons of earth were excavated, and thirty-three miles of railway, twenty-three of roadway, and eighteen each of drains and water mains, were laid. That subterranean factory is hibernating now 150 feet down, awaiting the next war. It represents a tiny job measured against what would be necessary once the nation faced up to the fact that no surface installation can be counted upon in time of war.

If we had to do that we would fall through into a strange world of fantastically speeded-up reactions, social and industrial readjustment that would make Mr. Silkin's new garden-industrial cities look like so many card-houses built for a tornado-and-earthquake country, and new war machine set-ups which, while they don't exactly outmode sea and air fleets, and ground forces, make those subordinate to the atomic rocket service and administration.

Sea fleets will be driven undersea. Giant submarines, built on the lines of the long-range "blower" underseas craft which the Nazis developed in the last too-late phase, will replace our vulnerable capital ships, which are really floating platforms for large-calibre, long-range shell-firing guns, and to-morrow will become cruising rocket sites. Airborne armies will have to move in craft fast or high-flying enough to avoid atomic barrages created by ground defence forces. Ground forces must wear some kind of clothing, including face mask, capable of protecting them from the burning of an explosive which generates heat enough to melt roof tiles at 1,800 feet and char telegraph poles three miles distant.

ALL established manœuvres and time-tables become outmoded. The range of an atomic explosion is so great that moving out of range, or dodging or taking avoiding action, no longer have their old tactical meaning. To-day, caught up to three miles from the centre of an explosion, you are "hit." To-morrow, you may be "hit" six miles away. The casualty may not have his eyeballs melted, or suffer lethal burns, or have his body cells disintegrated—as happened to about one-fourth of Hiroshima's 100,000 caught up to half a mile from the explosion centre: but he will come down with radiation sickness or one of its complications.

An air force organized the last-war way, taking a few hours for massive assembly, fuelling and bombing up, briefing, and Indian-file take-offs, assumes the aspect of a slothful, clumsy mastodon lumbering under the eye of a big-game hunter armed with an automatic two-pounder. An atomic missile exploding two miles away would put the entire base out of action, besides making the area so radio-active that it would be dangerous to approach for several days. Surface, permanent air bases, the location of which cannot be kept secret year after year, are washed out under atomic war. A power realistically prepared for such a war would have them pin-pointed to receive a flight of rockets apiece long before the airborne forces could assemble and embark.

The first, tentative, sketchy moves have been made to cope with next-war conditions. Britain has been provided with a new three-functional war apparatus. Each of the three services remains responsible for its own personnel, equipment, training and maintenance, with the Supply Ministry handling production. The three Chiefs of Staff work as a team, responsible for strategy. A co-ordinator is provided in the person of a Minister of Defence—the Premier's deputy in peace-time, the Premier himself in war. The strategic brain, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has handed the Cabinet its first basic conclusion: Britain cannot be defended against the new weapons. And a bunch of German rocket specialists have been co-opted for research.

About the same time the U.S. Army's General Staff put a team of its keenest brains to study America's position, and the answer which emerged, and was approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, approximated to the British conclusion: "No defence except internationalization of atomic power with all the necessary safeguards." They estimated that an attack by long-range projectiles with atomic charges would destroy the urban centres and kill or disable forty per cent of the population. The American estimate is too low for Britain, a more concentrated target.

It is said that when President Truman received the U.S. Army's report, he said: "Thank you very much." A Briton reading a report on the British position, and what can be expected, would probably agree that that is as apt a final comment as any.

END

1.1.47

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At the Mermaid

Of all the old London taverns which have disappeared none is so well known and honoured as the Mermaid.

Although no trace of it remains and even its very site is disputed — some say it was in Bread Street and some in Friday Street — it will always be remembered as the meeting place of those mighty wits of the Elizabethan age.

Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare and others were frequenters.

What healths were drunk! What impromptus lost to the world does Beaumont hint at in

"What things have seen
Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that everyone from whom they came
Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest!"

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